The Nation.

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The Week.

Bryan is satisfied with the result of the election, of course. He is always convinced that he is going to win next time, and the fact that he has just been badly beaten never affects his confidence. The defeat of his party in 1896 made him sure that he would succeed in 1897; the defeat of 1897, that victory was assured in 1898; and the defeat of 1898, that he would win in 1899. Long experience has thus prepared him to figure out the vindication of Bryanism in last week's elections. He has now the advantage of three previous years with which to make comparisons. If the Republicans have given their candidate for Governor in Iowa twice as large a majority in 1899 as in the corresponding election of 1897, he suggests that perhaps (he has not the data at hand) the majority for Governor this fall may not be as great as that for the Republican candidates for Congress last fall. If the Republicans have 65,000 majority in Massachusetts now, he points out that this is somewhat less than last year, and a good deal smaller than it was in 1896. If the Republicans made gains in the New York Legislature over last year, he eagerly seizes upon a report, for which it is doubtful if there is any basis, that the Republican plurality in the State upon the vote cast for Assemblymen is smaller than it was last year. Arguing in this fashion, it is not hard for him to reach the conclusion that, "taken as a whole, the election returns from all the States give encouragement to those who hope for the overthrow of the Republican party in 1900."

Interviews with various Democratic leaders throughout the country show a universal agreement that Bryan will be again the candidate of their party next year, and that the old financial issue must be a chief feature of his campaign, if not, indeed, the controlling element in the contest once more. There is nothing surprising in this unanimity regarding Bryan and Bryanism. Bryan must be the Democratic candidate in 1900 because he has both the machine and the masses of his demoralized party behind him, and because there is not even a solitary leader anywhere in the whole nation to contest his supremacy. Bryan being the candidate, Bryanism must of necessity be the issue. This for two reasons. First, he made that the issue in 1896, has kept it alive through the three years since then, and could not abandon it now if he would. In the second place, there is no other issue in sight with which to push the financial question into the background. The late elections settled the issue of expansion so far as they show the nation practically subservient to the Administration, which staked everything upon approval of its course during the past year in the Philippines. The question of Trusts alone remains to divide attention with the financial one, and everybody already sees that the Bryanites cannot make anything out of this, when the Republicans are ready to denounce and condemn Trusts as roundly as they are themselves. Senator Morgan of Alabama is quite right, therefore, when he says that "the Democrats will be obliged to make the fight over again on the Chicago platform;" and that "the money question will be the predominating issue."

The election last week probably made an end of John R. McLean as an office-seeker, and for this decent citizens may be thankful. Of all the candidates before the Democratic convention, he was the weakest in everything except money. His newspaper has been a moral plague spot of the worst kind ever since it passed from the hands of the elder McLean into his. It has been the advocate of almost everything bad in politics and in government. It betrayed its own party when Cleveland was a candidate for the Presidency. It has made enemies of nearly all the decent Democrats of Ohio, and McLean himself has been only constructively a resident of the State for years. Whatever chance the Democratic party had of carrying the State, it threw away when it nominated him. But it is some small gain to the party to have "checked him off." We shall hear no more of him as a candidate, although he may continue to be a baleful kind of boss for some years to come.

There seems to have been more independent voting in Ohio on Tuesday week than was ever before seen in that State. The fact that Jones received a support twice as large as was ever given a third candidate is only one sign of the disregard of party lines. Even more striking evidence of the same disposition was the great difference between the plurality of 50,000 for Nash as the head of the Republican ticket and that for Caldwell, the candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, who was cut by so many thousand voters of his party that he was barely elected. Caldwell was opposed by the Anti-Saloon League, because he has been the counsel for liquor organizations, and the movement against him, whether well founded or not, developed a strength which surprised the managers on both sides. The high-water mark of independent voting was reached in Cleveland, where Hanna suffered the worst blow ever administered to a boss in his own city, by the cutting down of the vote for his candidate, Nash, to ridiculously small proportions, while at the same time McLean was rebuked by many thousands of Democrats, who abominated his boss rule in their party and followed the *Plain Dealer* in opposing him at the polls, the "usufruct" in each case going largely to the benefit of Jones as a harmless candidate who could not possibly be elected.

A visit to Washington this week from Col. Dick, Chairman of the Ohio Republican State Committee, and Secretary of the National Republican Committee, to talk over political matters with Senator Hanna, and arrange for campaign work next year, is announced. Col. Dick is the man who, in the opinion of the Civil-Service Commission, is guilty of violating the law in sending begging circulars to all the employees in the federal service during the recent Ohio campaign. He can be brought to trial only by the action of the President, and we submit that his presence in Washington will furnish an excellent opportunity for Mr. McKinley to institute proceedings against him. Under the law, the offence of which the Commission have declared him to be guilty is a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine not exceeding $5,000, or by imprisonment for a term not exceeding three years, or by both fine and imprisonment, in the discretion of the court. So high a legal authority as ex-Senator Edmunds has given a formal opinion that Col. Dick's offence comes within the prohibition of the law, and so high a Republican authority as the *Tribune* has commended the Commission's condemnation of it as part of what appears to be a general assault by politicians on the merit system. Is the President disposed to back up the Civil-Service Commission, or will he permit Col. Dick not only to go unpunished, but to continue his "persistent and vicious" assault as Secretary of the National Republican Committee?

The voting machine was subjected to the most severe test yet put upon it in the late election in the city of Buffalo, and seems to have emerged completely successful. There was a very full vote, it was recorded without friction or delay, and the totals for the entire city were known within an hour after the polls had closed. In two or three instances the machines broke down—through malicious injuries inflicted by enemies of the system, it is charged; but they were replaced by others within a

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few minutes, and nobody lost a vote in consequence. The city was carried by the Republicans, who elected all their candidates, and that party's faith in machine voting is likely to be greatly strengthened by the result. It will convince them that the machines secure an absolutely accurate count, which nobody can tamper with, and this has always been one of the strongest arguments in their favor.

Municipal reformers generally may rejoice at the good news which comes from Baltimore. The Democrats have just elected their candidate for Mayor of that city, Thomas S. Hayes, and he announces that "the Police, Fire, and School Departments of the city government shall be put on the merit system, if it is possible for me to bring it about." Going into detail regarding his purposes, Mr. Hayes says that "I will guarantee that there shall not be one among the School Commissioners I shall appoint who can be touched by the politicians on either side"; and that ex-Mayor Hooper, the Republican and Reform city executive of a few years ago, is a type of the men whom he wants on this board, while Miss Mary Garrett, who is so well known for her warm interest and great generosity in the cause of education, represents the sort of women whom he will appoint, not only as School Commissioners, but as members of every board controlling institutions in which girls or women are educated or confined. The Mayor-elect recognizes the fact that the politicians of his party will not be pleased with this policy, but he feels independent enough to say that "if the politicians don't like it, the politicians and I will part company."

Much more important and still more encouraging is the victory for the principles of good city government which has just been won in San Francisco. The present Democratic Mayor of that city has been an excellent official. He was renominated by his party, and the convention adopted a resolution, which we print on another page, pledging the organization to a separation of national from municipal politics. The Democrats lived up to this pledge through the campaign, while the Republican managers attempted to inject national issues into the canvass, and argued that a good Democratic Mayor of San Francisco must not be reëlected, because it would be a "rebuke" to the Republican national Administration. Mr. Phelan was nevertheless reëlected by 8,000 plurality over a Republican opponent who was a respectable man, but was believed to represent machine and partisan ideas. A new charter is just going into operation in San Francisco, which gives the Mayor the appointment of all the important commissions, and which applies civil-service-reform principles throughout the administration. Mayor Phelan has given the people every reason to believe that he will use this great power in the public interest, and the outlook for good government in the metropolis of the Pacific Coast is thus better now than ever before in its history.

Quartermaster-General M. I. Ludington points with pride to the work of his bureau during the past year, in the organization of a transport fleet of thirty-seven vessels and the carrying of thousands of soldiers to and fro between this country, the Philippines, Cuba, Hawaii, and Porto Rico. He does so with much reason, since not a single life has been lost because of accident or negligence. But it is none the less true that a number of these vessels carry the flags of other nations than the United States; that the Pacific Coast has been stripped of every ship available to carry the newly raised volunteers to the aid of Gen. Otis; and that some vessels have been hired at very exorbitant rates. The great credit which must be given to Gen. Ludington, Col. Bird, and the other untiring workers in the Quartermaster's Department must not conceal the fact, however, that the wisdom of placing these transports, under the control of the army is by no means beyond question. For instance, so long as army officers, without any sea experience whatever, are in command of transports, there must always be an element of danger in their navigation, as was shown by the recent unfortunate conflict of authority on a transport in a Cuban harbor between the navigator and the army officer in charge. England's experience in the over-sea transportation of soldiers on a large scale goes back at least 150 years, and, as a result of it, the handling of army transports is irrevocably in the hands of naval officers. So far as the accounts of the embarkation of Gen. Buller's army corps are at hand, the procuring and despatching of the troop-ships has proceeded with remarkable smoothness, hardly a hitch, except in the provisioning, having occurred, so that foreign officers have not hesitated to praise the system and its results thus far. When one considers that 300 ships are required, or nearly nine times the size of Gen. Ludington's total fleet in the Atlantic and Pacific, and thinks of the confusion attending the despatch of Shafter's small army, it must be admitted that the English system shows well in the comparison.

The report of the educational committee, of which President Harper is chairman, adverse to a national university under the auspices of the Government at Washington, is wise at all points. It is especially so in its suggestion that the Government, through the State Department, might properly maintain in Washington a school for consuls analogous to those of West Point and Annapolis, and make the instruction there imparted lead to a life career in the Government service. The present system of consular appointments is degrading in many ways, and damaging in a high degree to mercantile interests by reason of the ignorance of the appointees of the duties they have to perform, and the frequent changes made at the demand of political bosses. These evils have become so serious that the business community is constantly complaining, and the complaints will multiply as our foreign trade increases. The only opposition likely to be encountered in carrying out this suggestion will come from the spoils politicians in Congress, but they can perhaps be "placated" by passing a law which will keep their present appointees in office during good behavior, and make the new consular school relate only to future appointments, and to vacancies occurring after the school shall have turned out a sufficient number of graduates to fill them. Such a school is a real need, whereas a national university would be a fifth wheel to the educational coach.

"Hang the expense!" is the cry of prosperous England and prosperous Germany, as well as of the United States, when alarmed economists point out the burdens of war taxation. Who minds sticking on revenue stamps as long as business is booming? Great Britain offers Treasury bills for the cost of the South African war, and they are snapped up greedily. The German Government proposes to spend $8,000,000 or $10,000,000 more annually upon the navy, and points to the way the imperial revenue is going up by leaps and bounds as sufficient justification. In four years past the German revenues from customs and excise have increased by $30,000,000. A little figuring will show that all the prospective naval expense up to 1914 will be more than covered by enlarged receipts. So *vogue la galère!* This is only human nature, the same in Germany and England that it is in the United States. It is all very well to preach the prudence of the ant, but when you are preaching to grasshoppers, you cannot expect ant-doctrine to have much effect. Grasshoppers can be converted only by a nipping frost—and then they are dead.

A telegram from Berlin confirms the statement from Washington last week that Germany favors the "open door" policy in China, and that Kiao-Chau is a free port. This means that Germany does not impose discriminating duties at that port, and does not discriminate in any way in favor of German trade. Similar assurances are made by the Russian Ambassador at Washington, who is

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quoted as saying that there has been no trade discrimination at Talien-Wan and that there will be none. It appears, therefore, that the outcry about trade discriminations which was so pronounced a feature of the English press a year or more ago, was baseless. It would be going far to find a quarrel if Germany or Russia should seize an Asiatic port merely to get an unfair advantage over England and America in the sale of a few pieces of cloth in a small part of Chinese territory. As it would be insanity for us to go to war about such a trifle, so it would be little less for those countries to provoke hostilities on such an issue.

Lord Salisbury's statement of the aims and intentions of his Government in South Africa is undoubtedly sincere. They correspond with those which Great Britain carries into effect in other parts of the world which are more or less subject to her dominion. He said that the Government could derive no advantage from the possession of the gold mines or diamond mines except as it conferred the blessings of good government on the men who own and work them. He added that Great Britain asked nothing but the equal rights of all men of all races and security for British subjects in South Africa. Referring to the means for gaining these results, he said that the time had not yet come to formulate them, but "we do not allow any other consideration," he added, "to cross our path." These words, it must be admitted, are conformable to British policy in the second half of the nineteenth century. India apart, the British colonies are not oppressed. They are not taxed beyond the strict necessities of their own government. On the contrary, the mother country provides a navy for their defence at her own sole cost and at very heavy charge. She relieves them of all cost for ordinary diplomatic service. She allows them to enact such tariffs as they please, and they often put protective duties on British goods in favor of their own manufacturers. No other country having colonies permits anything like that freedom.

All the month's English magazines are discussing the question what shall be done in South Africa when the war is over, and the weight of opinion is that the wisest settlement will be a South African Confederation under British supremacy. This would seem to be what the English Government now contemplates, if one may judge by the speeches of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain, and it would be a reversion, in a very striking way, to the historic policy of Sir George Grey, Governor of Cape Colony forty years ago. His great remedy for the troubles and jealousies at the Cape was federation. The Orange Free State actually made overtures at that time (1858) for federation with Cape Colony, and the movement then looked promising. But the home authorities held back, and censured Grey for bringing the matter favorably to the attention of the Cape Parliament. Some years later, however, the imperial Government came round to the same view, and a permissive bill passed the English Parliament which would have allowed confederation if the various colonies had chosen to take advantage of it. But the Boer war of 1880 supervened, fresh hatreds were created, and nothing was done. It certainly seems, however, as if this plan of conciliating empire with freedom might soon have a much better chance of being tried, and of succeeding, than ever before. Australian Federation is now assured, and would be a valuable precedent.

The loyalty of the Dutch in Cape Colony, under the most trying circumstances, is one of the remarkable and really unexpected things in the South African war. It is easy to sneer at the quiescence of the Cape Dutchmen, and say that they refrain from treason only because they are afraid of treason's fate. But the evidence is abundant that the mass of them, while grieved and even indignant at the war against men of their race—in many cases their own kinsmen—yet mean to be faithful to the government under which they are citizens. The dreaded Afrikander Bond has, instead of proving a firebrand, shown itself in reality a powerful agency in keeping the Dutch public quiet. Its leaders, Messrs. Hofmeyr and Theron, far from making inflammatory speeches, or putting incendiary matter into their organ, *Ons Land*, have done their best to prevent all public meetings, and have urged self-restraint and loyalty. Yet the strain of divided affections and sympathies is, in many cases, severe indeed. Nothing like it has been seen since our Civil War. Mr. Theron, for example, has a son enlisted for the defence of the Transvaal, and cannot reprove his loyalty.

In reversing the lower court in the Rosebery copyright case, it is clear that the Court of Appeal went more upon general principles and literary equities than upon the strict letter of the law. It was by a literal interpretation of the copyright act that Mr. Justice North had decided that the author of a report of a speech had a copyright in it—in the report, that is; not the speech. Mr. Augustine Birrell, Q. C., an expert in copyright law, and also a man of a certain acquaintance with literature, argued the appeal, and those arguments of his which "fetched" the court were more literary than legal. Learned counsel pointed out the defence an orator had in the Lecture Act, under which notice to two local justices would prevent unauthorized reports. With all due respect, Mr. Birrell affirmed that the said law was a dead letter. He himself had been guilty of delivering lectures, but he had never given notice to the justices. Would it not be shocking to find some great orator arguing a national cause, or some preacher with his message to humanity, ending up with the words, "All rights reserved"? To be an author was to get out of your skull words that did not subsist in that given form before, and this no mere reporter could do. To this the Master of the Rolls seemed to agree, for he said the plaintiff was asking the court to "turn the copyright which was created for the benefit of authors into an Act for the benefit of reporters." The *Times* counsel said that he simply relied upon the same argument as that which established copyright in the judgments of courts; and he reminded the Master of the Rolls that it "would be a serious thing" if there were no copyright in the judgments of the law reports. But the judge rather gruffly said, "I do not agree that the *Times* reporter is the author of my judgments!" So the famous decision of Justice North was reversed; but the *Times* is to take the case to the House of Lords.

The feeling in Germany against the existing monopoly of the Standard Oil Company continues to grow, and there is much discussion as to the best means of breaking it up. According to the Berlin *National-Zeitung*, many students of the situation favor throwing open the German markets to the Russian oil industry, but there is as yet little desire on the part of the Russian producers to organize and to contend with the American company for this field. To aid them there is also growing up a demand for a change in the existing tariff so as to favor the Russian importers, or for a higher duty on the refined product and a lower one on crude oil. To win governmental support for the proposed duties, a table has been prepared which shows that, under the new rates of 10 marks on refined oil and 4½ marks on the crude product, the imperial treasury would receive an annual income of 23,000,000 marks, until German refineries could supply the home market. It is generally recognized that the proposed tariff will cause a distinct increase in cost to the consumer, a most serious obstacle to its consideration. So great is the dislike of the American company, however, that many are willing to put up with this, if it but lead to the ending of the present monopoly. This condition of affairs is much to be regretted, since it tends to increase the feeling of anxiety and distrust with which America's industrial activity is regarded in some quarters in Germany.

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THE CANDIDACIES SETTLED.

The most extraordinary situation in national politics which the present generation has ever witnessed is presented to-day. Indeed, nothing like it has been known since the modern system of nominating candidates for the Presidency by national conventions was established, sixty years ago.

Since that time the State elections held a year before the national contest have always been followed by eager speculation as to the candidates whom one or other, if not both, of the two political parties would put in the field for the Presidency the following summer. More than once it has happened that the choice of one organization was so clearly manifest a twelvemonth before the national election that there was no contest in its convention. Such was the case in 1844, when no candidate was mentioned or thought of by the Whigs except Henry Clay, and their convention nominated him unanimously with the utmost enthusiasm. In like manner the preference for Grant as the Republican candidate in 1868 had become so plain that no other name was even mentioned in the convention. The same thing was true of the convention which nominated Grant for the second time in 1872, as it had virtually been true of Lincoln's second nomination in 1864, the votes cast for Grant from Missouri representing no serious opposition; and it was also true, without any qualification, of Cleveland's second candidacy in 1888. In both Lincoln's case and Grant's, however, there had been, six months before their renomination, an earnest desire to prevent such action on the part of influential Republicans, if events should lend any encouragement to the idea.

One thing, however, has been true of the situation after the ante-Presidential State elections ever since national conventions were established—there has always been a contest for at least one of the candidacies. To go back no further than the origin of the Republican party, Frémont and Buchanan secured their nominations only after a long canvass of the claims of various leaders before the people; and, in Buchanan's case, after many ballots in the convention. The same thing was equally true of the Republican convention which nominated Lincoln in 1860, and of the faction-torn Democratic gathering in that year. Other candidates than McClellan had been much talked of by the Democrats in 1864, and received votes in the convention. The Democratic leadership in 1868, when Grant had no opposition among Republicans, was sought by several prominent men, and finally went to Horatio Seymour, who had not been even mentioned in the preliminary canvass. The various elements of opposition to Grant's reëlection in 1872 were all at sea as to a candidate six months before they settled upon Greeley.

The Republican convention in 1876 was a "free-to-all," in which Blaine, though the leader, was outstripped at the end by Hayes, the "dark horse"; and though Tilden was clearly the favorite in the other party, he had to fight hard for his two-thirds vote in the Democratic convention over Hendricks, Hancock, "Rise-up William" Allen, and others. In 1880 the Republicans had the longest struggle in convention ever known by any party, as they had previously had the most earnest canvass for delegates, before the third-term movement for Grant was defeated, and Garfield was suddenly picked up by the Blaine men as the only available club to beat the life out of it. Meanwhile, Tilden's silence as to his own wishes regarding another nomination had left the Democrats all at sea, and encouraged the friends of Hancock, Bayard, and several others to try to carry the convention.

Cleveland's rise to national prominence introduced a new personality, which held first place on the stage longer than any previous party leader, nominated as he was by his party for the Presidency three successive times, and twice elected to the office. The first time, older men who had been prominent contested the supremacy of this new-comer, and the third time another man of the younger generation tried to beat him by taking his own State away from him. Each time there was an earnest struggle for the nomination in the other party before it went successively to Blaine in 1884, Harrison in 1888, and Harrison once more in 1892. Everybody recalls the winter and spring preceding the convention of 1896, when other Republican leaders worked hard to stay the movement towards McKinley, and all sorts of contestants for the Democratic nomination sprang up throughout the country—though the man who carried it off was not among them.

The remarkable and unprecedented situation to-day is that half a year before the meeting of the national conventions, the choice of each body is universally believed to be settled. There have been times when a strong popular sentiment for one candidate in his party was clearly discerned, but rival leaders were able to make headway against it. There have been other times when nobody seemed to be the choice either of the party bosses or of the voters at large. Now both the leaders and the masses in each party favor the same man, and everybody recognizes that nothing short of death, or physical incapacity, or a political cyclone such as was never yet seen, can change the situation between November and June. McKinley has satisfied Quay, Platt, and the other bosses who tried so hard to beat him in the convention of 1896. He appears to be even stronger with the people of his party now than he was four years ago.

Bryan is equally strong with the bosses who now control the organization of what once was the Democratic party. They are the smallest set of men that ever governed a great party, and the Nebraska demagogue suits them. The masses of the party seem to like him as well. The men of character and standing, who distrust alike his character and his policy, have been driven out of the organization, and will wield no influence whatever in the choice of delegates. Finally, there is absolutely no other man left in the Bryanized Democracy who can as a leader make a powerful rally against him. He has just carried once more a Republican State in the North, and his claims for a second nomination are consequently irresistible.

IS THERE TO BE A NEW DREIBUND?

One of the asides in Lord Salisbury's speech at the Guildhall on Thursday night is of more significance for us than all he had to say on his main subject, the war in South Africa. He coupled the United States with Germany as nations whose present cordial relations with England constitute "one of the cheering symptoms of the present time." The good understanding between these three Powers is, indeed, as satisfactory as it is a surprising sign of the times. The end put to the long jealousy and friction in Samoa by an amicable agreement which practically gives the whole group to Germany, the United States retaining only one small island, with its excellent harbor, as a coaling-station; the evident coöperation of Germany and Great Britain in all that relates to the final settlement in South Africa; the approaching visit of the Kaiser to England to accentuate the friendly feeling between the two countries; and the prospect that German diplomacy will unite with English and American to preserve peace and the open door in the Orient—all these things are but the beginnings of what may prove to be a sort of tacit Dreibund full of promise for the peaceful commerce of the world.

Emperor William's turnabout in his attitude towards England is only one evidence more that he is outgrowing the prejudices with which he began his public career. The anti-English poison he no doubt had from Bismarck. Hostility to England was the watchword of that statesman in the years when his dislike and distrust of the Emperor Frederick were growing, and were so conveniently explained by the English taint, and when his first attempts at German colonization were made. Thus, it was under the Bismarckian tutelage that William blossomed out as the most German of Germans, pledged to forget the English blood in his veins. All his

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thoughts of alliance and coöperation were Continental. Only three years ago his Krüger telegram betrayed his inclination against Great Britain. But larger and better views have now come to him; and on the eve of his sympathetic visit to London, at the very moment when England is at war with the same Krüger, the British Premier is able to say that "our relations with the German people are all we could desire."

The United States can have, of course, no alliance, secret or open, with England or Germany or any other European Power. But we may have a good understanding with any or all of them; and the evident drift of things just now is to make the United States a silent partner in the Anglo-German firm. In some of the "great problems" which, as Lord Salisbury said, are at present confronting the three nations, coöperation and friendly agreement will be advantageous to all of them, harmful to nobody, and should therefore be sought and cultivated in every honorable way. The Germans are already pleased to say that they expect to find us good neighbors in Samoa. They have given us to understand that their Chinese territory will be open to our trade on the same terms as those given German commerce. Here is good hope held out of security for our Oriental trade. If a quiet agreement can be made between Germany, Great Britain, and the United States that they will everywhere give, and everywhere expect, equality of trade opportunities throughout all the far East, it will be a great stroke for the peaceful development of all those long-slumbering countries.

But we have a duty to Germany nearer home. Friendly competitors in the Oriental trade should not be at swords' points in their own commercial relations. Yet it is unfortunately true that a vexatious war of tariffs has been raging between the United States and Germany for several years. We levy duties to throttle German imports; Germany does her best to shut out our exports by cleverly devised sanitary regulations. The result has been much ill feeling and loss on both sides. Now why is not the present era of good feeling a propitious time for a general and generous reciprocity treaty between the United States and Germany? Our Ambassador to Germany is constantly pressing for a relaxation of the German regulations for inspecting our fruits and meats. Germany, on her part, points to our extreme tariff discriminations against her industries. Both grievances could be removed in a single treaty. Mr. Dingley is dead, and President McKinley has become the greatest free-trader (at a distance) of modern times; so there would be nobody really to object if many of our dead-letter tariff duties were abrogated to please our new-found German friends. Repeal of protection by treaty is sometimes as good a method as an outright repealing act; and it enables protectionists to be the authors of free-trade legislation with becoming gravity.

One evidence of the seriousness with which the Emperor is embarking on this new policy is to be found in his demand for a larger navy. In spite of the so-called "sexennate" naval law which passed the Reichstag last year with the distinct understanding that no more money for ships would be asked, an enlarged naval programme is already announced in the semi-official German newspapers. Indeed, it was sufficiently foreshadowed in the Emperor's speech at Hamburg a few days ago. The plan is to apply $21,000,000 a year to the building of new ships, instead of the present outlay of $15,000,000, and to push up other naval expenses by something like $2,000,000 a year. Continuing these expenditures till 1917, the German navy, it is reckoned, will be powerful enough to "bear the responsibility for the conduct of our diplomatic business," as the Berlin *Neueste Nachrichten* puts it. The same paper explains the necessity of an enlarged navy as partly due to "the entrance of the United States of America into the sphere of world-policy." Here again we come upon the new Dreibund, and that it is not all a vain imagination of the Jingoes is clear when we find so stout a Liberal, and so earnest and intelligent a friend of peace, as Dr. Barth writing in the Berlin *Nation* that an increase in the navy would tend to solidify the friendship between Germany, England, and the United States, and so distinctly make for peace. At any rate, the *rapprochement* is evidently a fact. A friendly agreement between three great Powers, of related race, to keep the world's peace and to promote the world's trade, might easily be an informal Dreibund more worthy of a place in history than the binding alliance, known by that name, between Austria, Germany, and Italy.

A FRESH PHASE OF THE INDIAN PROBLEM.

The statement made at the Mohonk Conference last month, that "the Indian should be able, if affairs are rightly managed, to need no Indian Bureau later than ten years from the present time," is significant. It expresses the faith of the Eastern friends of the Indian that a revolution they began a dozen years ago is almost complete. Under the land-in-severalty law, a number of reservations have already been opened to white settlement, and several others have been marked for opening at an early date. The law recognizes the right of Indians on treaty reservations to say whether or not the Government shall sell their surplus land to outsiders, but the enterprising frontiersman usually finds a way to win the consent of the necessary majority of a tribe, if their land is good enough to pay for his trouble. At the rate at which the artificial barriers are giving way, a few more years will see every Indian in the fertile parts of the West an individual landowner in the midst of white neighbors. It is equally certain that, unless a marked change comes over present tendencies, not one in a hundred Indians will be working his own farm or deriving more than a pittance from the use of it by somebody else. Here is where experience has failed to confirm theory. The idea underlying the severalty law was that as soon as an Indian actually owned his homestead he would become a worker, and that the sense of responsibility thus fostered would do wonders in preparing him for citizenship. As a matter of fact, the average Indian accepts the first offer made him by a white man for the lease of his farm; and while the white tenant is laying the foundation of a fortune in wheat or cattle, the red landlord returns to the brush, where he leads a forlorn existence, cursing the alien race who have swept in and ruined the hunting-grounds of his fathers.

It is true that a certain proportion of the Indian children are drawn into the Government schools and given what is styled by courtesy an "education." This consists of a smattering of book-knowledge, coupled with either a rudimentary course in agriculture or instruction in some mechanical trade. Then they are sent back to their people, and what happens? Farming in the regions where they live, is an elaborate industry. Gang-ploughs, an irrigating plant, and harvesting machinery are as necessary there as a hoe and a watering-pot are in a truck-garden. The young Indian farmer has no money to spend on an expensive outfit. If he farms at all it must be as a day laborer, and this means a roving life, with the loss of all the benefits of a settled home. If he has been trained to a manual trade, where can he practise it? Not on his remote ranch, for customers will not seek him there. He must live in a frontier town, where his wife will be subject to insult and his children will grow up in the midst of vicious influences. He has been taken out of the sphere in which nature placed him, but the ingenuity of man has not yet discovered one into which he will fit in his present transition stage of civilization.

This is the plight of the educated Indian. We have already seen what the uneducated Indian does, and how little the doing of it is likely to help him on his way to independence and good citizenship. The outlook for both classes is therefore unpromising unless some more practical and effective means be found for promoting their welfare. The Government has wasted many years in building up the very reservation system which it is to-day engaged in pulling down. It was a wretched mistake, as every thought-

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ful citizen now perceives; yet the first suggestion of reversing it was met by a clamor of protest from benevolent white persons, who declared that, without the protection of the Government, with its reservation and agency machinery, the Indian would soon starve or drink himself to death. There was much force in this view, yet what was the alternative? We could not in good conscience keep the Indian in idleness from generation to generation, till the last tradition of self-respect had been bred out of his race. It was plain that the change must come sooner or later, and that he must be charged with his own maintenance like other men, white and colored. Continuing the old system would be merely postponing the shock, which would be just as severe when it did come.

The question whether to begin setting the Indian free is no longer before us. That process is under way, and already so near completion that we are faced with a new problem—what we can do to save the Indian from the worst consequences of his freedom. It is to be hoped that the good people who have his welfare at heart will realize that they must now turn their minds from material things to moral. What the Indian will need most from this time forward is not so much a protector as a friend, not so much control as guidance. The day of the agent and the inspector is passing; the new day will be that of the teacher who is prepared to go into the red man's home and strive for his regeneration there. Up to a certain point it was possible, by carefully policing the reservation, to keep whiskey out of it; with the reservation barriers down, whiskey will be as free to the Indian as to any one else, and then the task will be to teach him to resist temptation. Idleness was the rule in the reservation, where the Government fed and clothed the Indian; labor is the law outside, and the Indian must be taught, at the door of his own cabin, to respect and practise it.

The change of status will be a cruel one for the larger part of the red race. Many will fall by the way; those who survive will be monuments to the work of the character-builder. The period of Government trusteeship over the Indians' lands, as prescribed by the severalty law, will presently expire, and creditors will seize upon the best of the farms. Many of those which escape private greed will be sold by the sheriff for unpaid taxes. Forty years hence scarcely an Indian may have an acre of his allotment left. Much of the money now held in the Treasury in trust for the various tribes will have been squandered, for the next step Congress is likely to take is to divide these funds among the members of one tribe after another as it emerges from the old order and is absorbed into the general body politic. When the last acre and the last dollar are gone, the Indians will be where the negro freedmen started thirty-five years ago. They lack the imitative trait which has done so much to help the negroes when well directed. On the other hand, they will have the advantage of the freedmen in being too few in numbers to become an issue in politics or to sway State governments; and this difference will spare them many a bitter experience on their way to a higher level. It is plain, from every point of view, that the work of the reformer in the Indian field will not end with the passing of the bureau system; it will simply enter upon a new phase, and a broader one than any which has preceded it.

COMPURGATION.

The news from Paris that Gen. Mercier has become the President of an association for the erection of a monument to Col. Henry, raises the most curious speculation regarding the moral condition of the French mind. After Henry's suicide the anti-Dreyfusards were temporarily stunned, and had nothing to say, but in a very few days they recovered themselves, and maintained that although it was true that Henry had committed forgery, yet it was what they called a "faux patriotique," or, in other words, a forgery committed for the benefit of the country, and as such a praiseworthy act. This was a distinct avowal of the Jesuitical doctrine exposed by Pascal in the 'Lettres Provinciales,' that "it is lawful to do evil that good may come"—a doctrine which has never died out in the French mind. One is every now and then surprised to come across a Frenchman who openly avows it—that is to say, he approves readily of the sacrifice of an individual, by fair means or foul, in order that some good may result to the community. This had to be the justification with the great mass of the people of the prosecution of Dreyfus.

A distinguished English lawyer, during the trial, pointed out, in a letter to the London *Times*, that it was really a trial by what in the Middle Ages was called "compurgation." Compurgation meant the appearance of a considerable number of persons, neighbors or friends of the accused, to say that they did not believe he was guilty. In the Middle Ages there was as yet no idea of the application of the laws of proof to a judicial inquiry. Rules of evidence began, among the Anglo-Saxons, to be applied to such inquiries only at a comparatively recent period. The Dreyfus trial strongly resembled an English trial of a criminal case in the time of Alfred, or even centuries later. Neither the prosecution nor the defence produced what we call witnesses, or indulged in what we call ratiocination. Each side produced a number of respectable people who swore, "on their soul and conscience," like the people at Rennes, that the man was guilty or was not guilty.

Even among us, however, serious inroads have been made on the protection that we have devised for our courts, by the introduction of "compurgation" into political contests. The cases are only too frequent where the guilt or innocence of some disgraceful action on the part of a candidate for office becomes a question at the polls. There is very rarely any attempt made to settle it by anything in the nature of proof. It is almost always settled by compurgation. That is to say, a large number of voters declare they do not believe it, and that the candidate will do very well for the office in question. What they affirm by implication is that he is not capable of such conduct. That was the position of the great body of Blaine's supporters in 1884. Pastors, for instance, who lived near enough to him to throw biscuits in his back yard, knew nothing about his railroad transactions, but that did not prevent their publishing their belief that, from what they had seen of him in his back yard, he could not have been guilty of the conduct charged by his enemies. This has come to constitute what is called a "vindication." If the man is elected on this theory, it is treated in all the newspapers of his party as if the accusation against him had been refuted, whereas the only thing that has been shown is, that his constituents do not care whether he is guilty or not. In other words, he gets off by compurgation.

Quay's position in Pennsylvania is one very similar. His partisans do not say he did not do the things with which thousands charge him; he does not deny them. What he says in substance is that nobody saw him when doing them, and that a large number of persons disbelieve the charges. A man so much liked as he is, and possessing so many friends, cannot be considered capable of any such conduct. He has had, through elections, more than one "vindication." In fact, all examinations of his offences against the State have been conducted in substantially the same way as the Dreyfus case, or by compurgation.

As might have been expected, the legitimate consequences of this doctrine are more flagrant and conspicuous in France than with us. The worst consequence is the wider and wider separation of morals from politics, the increase in the number of offences against the moral law which a man may commit without damage to his character, if by so doing he serves the interests of a party or cause. Of course, as popular government becomes more widespread and more powerful, this tendency to accept party service in lieu of good moral conduct is pretty sure to become stronger and more pronounced. So easy a mode of escape from the consequences of dis-

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honesty, such as fraud or theft, particularly, is pretty certain to become more popular, and naturally makes political life more and more tempting to wrong-doers.

But there could not be a more serious aspect of modern society than the introduction and spread in politics of this process of acquittal by compurgation. It is all the more serious because of a great decline in the rigidity with which religious tenets or ordinances are received. They have lost so much of their force as aids to morality that it seems as if, unless some special effort be made to maintain what is called "the moral world," there will soon be nothing that can be called "the moral world" left. The rapidity with which we are getting rid of all the received restraints in regard to many of the moral laws has already deprived morality of that greatest of its supports—public opinion.

DECAY OF LITERARY ALLUSION.

Readers of American biography must often be struck with the important part which literary recollection played in the life of a cultivated person a generation or two ago. Whether as the result of the older methods of study, or of that habit of "hard reading," now, alas! almost unknown among us, young men and women of cultivated surroundings early came to have a considerable acquaintance with both ancient and modern literary classics. They had read Homer, Xenophon, and Virgil, Shakspere, Byron, and Wordsworth, Lamb, De Quincey, and Coleridge; they understood and relished allusions to those writers, and could quote many a striking passage in appropriate connection. They were not afraid of being called pedants because they occasionally used a Latin phrase, or referred to some great name of Greece or Rome. There rested in their minds, as at once a pleasant background for thought and a help to refined expression, an orderly mass of literary reminiscence; and they carried it, not as a burden, but as a natural accompaniment of a cultivated taste.

It is a suggestive comment on the present conception of culture that all this should have so largely changed. If there is one thing in the way of distinctively intellectual acquisition which educated youth of the present day conspicuously lack, it is a knowledge of literature. To be sure, boys and girls who now fit for college have to read with some care a few English classics, and pass examinations on their subject-matter; but they rarely give evidence of having read much of anything else. Reference to the prominent characters or striking situations sketched by such makers of English as Thackeray, Scott, and George Eliot often evokes no answering sign of recognition. The wealth of allusion drawn from Greek and Roman authors is rapidly disappearing; only a pedant dares quote Virgil, and only a specialist knows enough of Virgil to quote. The heroes and heroines of modern novels, deeply versed as they are in science, and philanthropy, and psychology, are rarely found talking about literature. With the market flooded with inexpensive reprints, and with elaborate critical editions of nearly every "classic" under the sun, the knowledge of the great writings of former times, even among persons apparently most likely to have it, seems to be in inverse proportion to the ease of obtaining it. Literary interest of a certain sort we have, undoubtedly; but it is only too obvious that much that passes under that name makes no vital connection with the literary life of the past.

One of the most striking, and certainly one of the most serious, manifestations of this changed condition is the ignorance of the English Bible. It is impossible to overestimate the importance of the Bible as a formative influence in English literature. Its variety of style, its marvellous felicity of phrase, and its dignity and impressiveness early entered into the very fibre of our literary expression, and long remained there a potent force. Everybody read it from childhood, every one quoted from it, every one's memory was stored with its incidents and its forms of words. To this day the skilful use of Biblical phraseology and allusion constitutes one of the greatest charms of style. Yet there is only too much reason for fearing that the Bible no longer holds its ancient place as the chief fountain of literary reminiscence. The systematic reading of it in the family has much declined, and has already largely disappeared from the schoolroom. Few teachers of college classes now venture to refer to it, save on the assumption that their students know nothing about it. Among writers and speakers, the use of its superb sentences tends more and more to be restricted to purposes of hortatory effect. The greatest literary landmark of the English tongue threatens to become unknown or else to be looked upon as of antiquarian rather than present worth.

It is easier to state the case than to indicate the cause or point out the remedy. Undoubtedly, the absorbing interest in physical science has done much to draw attention from the study of literature. The growth of the popular magazines, with their entertaining fiction and descriptive sketches, has drawn the reading habit in other directions. The use of literature for philological purposes chiefly, as in much university instruction, has turned into a dead body what was once a living soul. The modern scholar seldom reads a book through; he dips into it to find some particular fact or illustration, or to safeguard his own conclusions. The gradual abandonment of "family prayers" has unquestionably caused the English Bible to be less generally read; while the Sunday-school methods so much in vogue have exalted moral admonition and reproof above every other interest. And the proper remedy is not wholly clear. Our scholars work under the tyranny of the annotated text and the variorum edition. We have no leisure, and there is increasingly much to read. We are intensely self-centred, fervently bent on knowing ourselves and our surroundings as they are to-day; and the themes of literary masterpieces, limited in scope to no time or place, are, frankly, not exactly to our mind.

Yet the continuance of such a condition cannot fail, in the long run, to be of far-reaching detriment, not only to literature itself, but to our whole notion of culture as well. With only the exceptions that prove the rule, the great writers of the past have been themselves steeped in literature. At once well and widely read, they have possessed a treasure of thought and phrase which has become part of their own intellectual habit, and guided and lightened the play of their own fancy. Upon the person of culture, too, there has worked the same chastening and restraining influence. For all save the genius, it is from the reading and rereading of favorite authors, the unconscious appropriation of passages of special beauty or import, the continued contact with "the best that has been thought and said in the world," that there comes the sure literary sense, the ordered fancy, and the delicacy of perception which distinguish for ever the man of culture from the man of information. It will be a grave thing for us if, under a mistaken zeal for knowledge, we lose touch with our intellectual past, and treat the literature of the world as though it were not. It is the power of reminiscence, the ability to command treasures of choice knowledge, which has added so much of grace to refined living, and it is the absence of it which, despite our greater learning, threatens to leave our culture cold and dead.

IMPRESSIONS IN THE MEXICAN HIGHLANDS.—II.

CHIHUAHUA, September, 1899.

The notion one gets of this highland region from a car window is nearly as erroneous as possible. This is not saying that the car-window outlook is not very interesting, nor that such notions are not, in some measure, instructive, after making proper allowances for their limitations. The spectacle of great herds of cattle grazing over level plains that sweep up to the base of a mountain wall springing suddenly aloft, and, as if straining still further skyward, sending up multitudinous elongated pinnacles, which shred the skyline into the raggedest fringe imaginable, is well worth seeing, but it constitutes a poor basis for generalizations as to the topography,

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with its consequent influence upon life. In the first place, the mesas are not level tablelands, as every one who has ventured ten miles from the railroad knows. In the next place, the mountains are not such solid walls as they appear to be, and do not form the barriers against communication which one would at first surmise. They are lines of peaks, rather, two or three ranks deep, marking the outburst of volcanic rocks along the weakened crests of great anticlinal folds of the sedimentary strata which, in the distant geologic past, stretched as a great plain across this country.

In the period which has elapsed since the original foldings of the rocks and first outpourings of lava floods occurred, many changes have taken place. There have been at least two, and apparently three, important exhibitions of volcanic energy, terminating with an intrusion of basaltic lava which did not spill out to any extent upon the surface, but which became the prime factor in giving to these hills their store of silver and golden treasure—a treasure so vast that, after all these years of active exploitation, no more than a fair beginning has been made in their development. Then came a series of floods on so magnificent a scale that the old valley troughs were filled hundreds of feet in depth with river gravel. Indeed, such floods had begun before the greatest volcanic outbursts had built the mountains up to their present proportions, for in places the lava forms a terraced capping upon the gravels, and ancient river channels through the old flood-plains flowed full of seething molten stone, and can be traced for miles to-day as frozen streams of lava.

Then followed rest, so far as movements of the earth were concerned, and the forces of wind and rain began to sculpture mountain and mesa into their present forms. This final work of degradation has been excessively active. It has filed out the sawteeth of the serrated ridges; it has cut down broad passes through the mountains; it has converted vast areas of mesa into rugged tracts, which appear like a complicated network of mountains of no mean size. From some loftier point of observation the true character of these mesa-hills stands clearly revealed. In appearance, it is precisely like the deeply gullied slopes of old abandoned farmlands which one may see plentifully throughout the Atlantic seaboard of the United States, here carried out on a gigantic scale. The sinuous line of the broad mesa's edge shows plainly enough on either side, while the folds wrinkle down from these elevated flanking benches to the mamillated lands below.

Where true mesa top (undenuded mesa) is found, the smoothness of the surface is marvellous. It is not level, for the mesa is always sloping, and, taken as a whole, each successive one, from Chihuahua to the great backbone of Mexico, the Sierra Madre, has a general inclination either north or south in the direction of its longitudinal axis, in addition to the slopes from the mountains east and west, toward this central line. But the surface is as compact and regular as if flattened under a roller. This solid gravelly surface makes a natural roadbed like the finest macadam, so that one may often drive for hours at a time with never a jolt or jar of the vehicle. This gravelly mesa resists denudation better than any rock in the country. It is only in the lower levels, where the accumulation of flood waters possesses greater scouring force, that the wear is great; and, considering that the drainage troughs through the plains are in part building up by deposition from the rivers, the rate of degradation of the mesas is far less than that of the surrounding mountains. A very different condition exists, however, wherever the mesa is overflowed with lava. The rock weathers out *in situ* in rounded forms, so that even beneath the soil, when exposed by an excavation, it looks like an old mass of rubble masonry ready to fall to pieces. The existence of this lava capping accordingly is betrayed, even when not lying directly on the surface, by an enormous accumulation of these boulders or "niggerheads," rendering large areas almost impassable.

Wind and rain have been mentioned as the agents responsible for this denudation, but, so far as the exposed rocks are concerned, there is no doubt that frost is the most important factor, far more so than is the case in more northerly countries. Long continued cold weather, which freezes the moisture in the rocks and keeps it frozen, accomplishes no more disintegration than will be effected by a single freezing and thawing once in twenty-four hours, and this diurnal variation from a temperature below the freezing point to eighty degrees or more in the sun continues for months at a time on these Mexican highlands. The result is that the secrets of comparatively recent volcanic action are here deeply revealed, and the necks of volcanoes which once must have been of enormous size, stand out in bold relief, with precipitous sides and flattened summits, constituting the *torreones* of the Mexicans, looking, indeed, like ruined towers.

Such are the general characteristics of the mesas and of the mountains of the plain (for such we may properly call them in distinction from the great Sierra in the west). Starting now from Chihuahua, we find three ranges of mountains, with four great mesas, including that on the edge of which Chihuahua stands, before reaching the Sierra Madre. The Mexicans recognize six mesas on this route—that is, six level stretches of plain; but this is neglecting consideration of denuded intervals. For twenty miles southwestwardly from Chihuahua the country is very rough, consisting partly of denuded mesa and partly of weathered lava, with large stretches covered with "niggerheads." The edge of the still undenuded mesa is a very sharp line, encountered at Fortin, an old adobe outpost against the Indians, now turned over to the peaceful uses of the rancher. No better type of the mesa than this of Charcas can be found. A river occupies the central line, fed in the wet season by small streams which follow gentle lateral depressions in the great broad slopes. At the head of one of these feeders is the hacienda of Charcas, with its white and brown buildings surrounded by maples, a sure sign of permanent water. The portion of the lower slopes where irrigation is possible is laid out in fields for corn and beans, while on the uncultivated portion is a straggling growth of chaparral. Above these is the brown mesa covered with secate, the native grass of the plains; on either side the jagged mountains, bare to their summits, grayish brown near at hand from the sparse growth of secate that climbs wherever there is a cleft to hold an ounce of soil. In the far south they seem to unite in a veil of blue. Here and there an old stone or adobe wall, a line of division between neighboring estates, creeps up the mountain sides, looking like a protruding dike that had once cut them in twain. As you draw closer to the mountains, you perceive that you have risen by an almost imperceptible grade to a very considerable height, and you get a very different notion of the relation between the mesa and its bounding walls from that you obtained from your Pullman window as you see it leaping upward into the very laps of the hills. The grassy upland follows you to the summit of the divide, but there you bid good-by to mesa for a number of miles, tumble down over a rocky mountain road to Tinaja, and scramble over and around spurs and ridges until suddenly, at the end of a rugged, narrow defile, the fertile valley and town of Santa Isabel open before you. It is a spot of rare natural beauty, with a fine stream of opalescent water (for nearly all the rivers of these plains, though clear and pure, have this peculiar tint), with fields of corn and vegetables, with orchards of peaches, and apricots, and figs, and, most pleasing to the eye after leagues of treeless country, an exuberance of splendid maples. On the east, hugged closely by the river, is a succession of towering peaks, and on the west the ragged, frowning edge of another mesa.

On reaching this table-land, many interesting features reveal themselves. It is evident that the climate has changed, because on this lofty mesa, which sheds its water evenly like a roof, and cannot be irrigated, are thousands of acres of corn. Men do not plant corn where rain is uncertain. Then to the eastward are evidences of geological complications—whole mountains of sedimentary rock with precipitous walls showing the curved strata dipping in one direction, while its neighbor a few miles away displays similar strata dipping in an opposite direction. There are dikes visible, and volcanic mountains worn into characteristic pinnacled forms, and lava terraces on the plain. Northward is a confused group of mountains bearing no relation to the regular rise and fall of anticline and syncline, which is the typical condition. There has evidently been faulting of rocks to the north as well as along the eastern edge, a set of phenomena awaiting interpretation by the geologist. If he does not come soon in the interest of science, he probably will in the interest of mammon, for the prospectors are already insisting vociferously on the existence of rich veins in this locality. Far to the northwest stand a pair of mighty mountains, twin giants, which look so lofty that it is hard to realize that they are distant a whole day's journey. These are the peaks of Colláchic (Coyáchic, in local orthoepy), the sentinels of the plains. A little to the south of these rises, as the culminating peak in a blue range that limits the western view, the famous mountain of Cusihuiriáchic, called "Cusi" for short, famous for the silver mine lying under its feet. Almost every method known for extracting silver from its ores has been tried at "Cusi," with the exception of smelting. These have had their periods of success and failure, and now arrangements are making to send the product of this wonderful mine to smelters where fuel is cheaper than in the heart of

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a country nearly destitute of wood and wholly wanting in coal. The shape of the Cusi peak contrasts strongly with the symmetrical forms which surround it. The southern side is a graceful curve, while the northern is almost a sheer precipice of enormous height. A resident of Rio de Janeiro would certainly see in it the counterpart of his familiar Corcovado.

The Santa Isabel mesa breaks down toward the west into one of those denuded areas, previously mentioned, making a deep valley known as Carrétas. The Carrétas River has worn laterally in the direction of the slope, and has cut through the entire thickness of gravel, nearly four hundred feet, as judged by the eye, to the red sandstone on which it rests. The town of Carrétas is wholly unlike Santa Isabel in appearance, being nearly destitute of trees, with its houses huddled close together and glaring in brilliant whitewash. It is as unrestful to the eye as the other is soothing and delightful.

Once more upon the mesa, the two giants of Colláchic loom before one grander than ever. The great highway is trending directly toward them, destined to pass between them as through a portal to the west. Hour by hour they grow loftier, more splendid. Tree forms become visible about their bases, and some more adventurous ones appear clinging half-way to their summits. At length recesses in the rocks can be seen, and the outlines of the mountains seem to grow more rugged and massive. It is pleasing to observe that their appearance of grandeur and symmetry combined was not obtained by the blending in a distant view of a group of foothills. They have no outliers, but literally spring clear from the plain, perfect in outline, so like as to be true twins, and yet with just enough diversity of form to cause each one to stand out distinctly in memory. The southern peak is a cone, the northern rounded into a dome, with a slight depression on the top, giving just a suggestion of a "saddle-back." Seldom will one find a mountain so satisfying to one's sense of artistic proportion. Still rarer is it to find two such creations of might and beauty side by side, so beautiful that to change a single line would be to mar it, so grand as to overpower completely every other feature of the landscape. Even in the "puerto," the summit level of the gap between them, they still tower to heights measured by thousands rather than by hundreds of feet, impressive to the last. What a view must be possible from their crests! The whole of the highlands as far as the strongest field-glass could carry the vision would lie beneath you. Through the portal westward is seen a wild, deep gorge, and beyond this the edge of another mesa leading off to still other mountains beyond.

The little hamlet of Colláchic, ninety miles from Chihuahua, lies in the gorge, a place with a history full of that romantic human interest which attaches to the early struggles of the Jesuits among the Indians. The old story, so often repeated, of courage, martyrdom, and final triumph over savagery, has been reënacted here. The old church is in ruins, but a new one has been built beside it, filled with treasures of art brought from Spain in her golden era of artistic effort, and of mammoth carved chests and other ornaments, in the making of which the missionaries, industrious even in their diversions, occupied many hours of recreation.

The crossing of two mesas, more or less diversified by denudation, and one range of mountains, brings one to Guerrero, an important town of perhaps four thousand inhabitants, at the very base of the great Sierra, one hundred and fifty miles west of the city of Chihuahua. The range of mountains dividing these two mesas is, speaking geographically rather than geologically, the true backbone, the divide or water-parting, of northern Mexico. At Pedernales gap, the lowest point in the range, the altitude is 7,500 feet above the sea. The mesa between this and the Sierra Madre, consequently, belongs in the drainage of the Pacific Coast, and the Guerrero River, a stream of larger size than any in the plains, uniting finally with the Yaqui, has cut its way through a chain where altitudes of over 11,000 feet are often reached. In the absence of any evidence of a former lake basin east of the mountains, this stands, accordingly, as an evidence that the uplifting of the Sierra Madre was slower than the rate of cutting down of river beds by the old-established drainage of the region—the repetition of a common but ever wonderful phenomenon in the history of the earth.

THE FAVORITES OF LOUIS XVIII.

PARIS, October 28, 1899.

I have given you an account of M. Joseph Turquan's volume on 'Citoyenne Tallien,' which forms part of a series entitled "Souveraines et Grandes Dames." He has added a new volume to this series on 'The Favorites of Louis XVIII.' Though he cannot be considered a real historian, and writes in a vein which is not the true vein of history, he has had the merit to find inedited documents which give his books an interest and a value that cannot be disregarded.

The relations of Louis XVIII. with the Duke Decazes have lately been the subject of a very curious work by M. Ernest Daudet, brother of the celebrated Alphonse Daudet—a work of great importance for the history of the constitutional government which succeeded the First Empire. The character of Louis XVIII. is very well analyzed in it, and M. Ernest Daudet shows how Louis XVIII. always had a favorite, and felt the necessity of incessant communication, on all possible subjects, with some trusty confidant. M. Turquan tells the story of his relations with two of his favorites, the Countess de Balbi and the Countess du Cayla. Louis XVIII. was known before the Revolution, and until the execution of his brother, Louis XVI., under the name of the Count de Provence. He was the fourth son of the Dauphin of Louis XV. and of a German Princess, Maria Josepha of Savoy. Another brother was the Count d'Artois, who became Charles X.; and, curiously enough, the three brothers occupied the throne in succession. The Count de Provence was only sixteen years old when he was married to Josephine of Savoy, daughter of Victor Amadeus III., on the 14th of May, 1771. She was very plain, and Madame du Deffand said of her: "The Countess of Provence will take the prize for ugliness."

The Countess de Balbi, who first became the favorite of the Count de Provence, was the daughter of Bertrand de Caumont La Force and of Madeleine de Galard de Brassac de Béarn. M. de Caumont was one of the Count's gentlemen, and his daughter was appointed "dame pour accompagner" and afterwards "dame d'atours" of the Countess, who was called Madame. M. de Balbi, her husband, was of a Genoese family and served as Colonel in the regiment of Bourbon. Madame de Balbi was tolerably pretty, was a great coquette, and was feared for her wit, which spared nothing and nobody. She pleased the Count de Provence by her conversation more than by her charms. The Count de Balbi was a jealous husband (a rare being at that time), but he was exiled to Senlis; he afterwards emigrated and returned to France at the beginning of the Consulate. Madame de Balbi became the great power in the house of the Count de Provence. "She was a sort of Dubarry, but well born." We can read in the memoirs of Count Alexandre de Tilly the whole history of an intrigue which he had with Madame de Balbi, who was no more faithful than the other ladies of the court; in these memoirs, the names of the personages are marked only by initials, but they are easily recognized by those who are familiar with the time. Monsieur often had to live at Versailles; he built for Madame de Balbi in 1786 a charming house in the midst of the great park, at the entrance of the forest of Satory (this house was demolished in 1793). In Paris she lived at the Luxembourg, where she had rooms as a *dame d'atours* of Madame.

When the Revolution broke out, Mme. de Balbi, who was intelligent if she had no other qualities, became the secret agent of Monsieur, and as such was mixed up with a number of political intrigues. The part then played by the Count de Provence has remained very obscure to this time; he was, however, more fortunate than his brother, the King, and crossed, without being arrested, the Belgian frontier. In the short account which the Count de Provence published afterwards he said: "We discussed a long time, Mme. de Balbi and myself, and we concluded that it was necessary to leave a country where the exercise of religion was becoming impossible." This account was written under the Restoration. "Time pressed," says Louis XVIII. "It was Good Friday; Easter-day was the fatal term. We left in the night in the carriage of Mme. de Balbi—herself, Madame, myself, and a fourth person." This project was abandoned; Mme. de Balbi left first and Monsieur left afterwards with M. d'Avaray. He met Mme. de Balbi at Mons, where he found also Madame. They all went to Brussels, to Bonn, and to Coblentz, where the Elector of Treves offered him the castle of Schönbornlust. "It was there," said the Count de Provence, "that my political life really began."

The Marquis de Bouillé received for the escape of the King and his household out of France a sum of 993,000 livres; he did not succeed in his enterprise, and gave the Count de Provence what remained in his hands, 670,000 livres. The *émigrés* established themselves at Coblentz, which became their headquarters. Madame de Balbi had a son, fourteen years old, who, notwithstanding his youth, entered the guards of Monsieur. The Count d'Artois lived also in the castle of Schönbornlust, which be-

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came a sort of great hotel. A Madame de Polastron played near him the same part as Madame de Balbi near Monsieur. We must not forget the Princess of Monaco, the companion of the Prince de Condé. It can easily be imagined what life was in this miniature German Versailles, amidst all the preoccupation of the time and with all the illusions of the *émigrés*, who considered that their exodus was to be a short pleasure party and that their return to France was certain.

Monsieur, being married to a Princess of Savoy, left Coblentz after a time and went to Turin, establishing himself at Verona. He did not take Madame de Balbi to Italy. Macartney described Monsieur's establishment in a letter to Lord Grenville. It was very simple, almost poor. Monsieur learned at Verona that Madame de Balbi had gone to Holland with Count Archambaud de Périgord, the younger brother of the famous Talleyrand, and had had twins in Rotterdam. He was now King of France, since Louis XVI. had been executed; he contented himself with writing an angry letter to Madame de Balbi and with suppressing her pension. In his letter to her he said: "Cæsar's wife should be above suspicion." She said in her answer: "Primo, I am not your wife; secundo, you are not Cæsar." After a short stay in the Breisgau, he fixed his establishment at Blankenburg, in the Hartz Mountains, where the Duke of Brunswick placed a house at his disposal. He forgave Madame de Balbi, who rejoined him there. We read in a letter written by him to Madame Royale, daughter of Louis XVI. (who had been exchanged by the Directory for some French prisoners), that he led at Blankenburg a most quiet life, playing whist with Madame de Balbi, Madame de Rohan, and Madame de Marsan. After the peace of Campo Formio the court of Blankenburg was dispersed. Madame de Balbi left for England; she returned to France when the First Consul allowed the *émigrés* to return. Under the Empire she was exiled to Montauban. When Louis XVIII. returned to France, he ordered her pensions to be repaid to her. In his 'Souvenirs' Duke Victor de Broglie describes her in very unflattering terms as he saw her in 1820 in the gallery of the Chamber of Deputies. She ended her days in constant card-playing (for she was an incorrigible player) and telling anecdotes of the old court of Versailles. She died at Tours on April 3, 1842.

The second part of M. Turquan's volume is devoted to another favorite of Louis XVIII. The influence of the Duke Decazes on the King had become so great, and inspired so much uneasiness in the retrograde party of the court, that it was thought necessary to counteract it by a powerful feminine influence. A woman alone, thought some, could acquire greater empire over the King, old and infirm as he was. M. Decazes was a liberal; he was denounced by the ultras as the most insidious and dangerous enemy of the monarchy. Mme. du Cayla was thought worthy of becoming the saviour of the good cause. She was the daughter of Omer Talon, Advocate-General and Civil Lieutenant of the Châtelet. She belonged thus to what was called the *noblesse de robe*. She had been educated, at the famous *pension* of Mme. Campan, together with Hortense Beauharnais, the future wife of Louis Bonaparte; Caroline Bonaparte, the future wife of Murat; Mlle. Leclerc, the future wife of Marshal Davout. As soon as she left the *pension*, she was married to M. Baschi du Cayla, a gentleman of Tuscan origin, who had been attached to the Prince de Condé and followed him as aide-de-camp during the emigration.

The marriage was not a happy one; Du Cayla led a disorderly life, and we know that in 1812 the Countess du Cayla was the mistress of Gen. Savary, Duke of Rovigo. The Chancellor Pasquier has a curious anecdote in his memoirs on the subject of Mme. du Cayla and the Duchess of Rovigo. Mme. du Cayla remained a royalist, and she has been accused of having been, when the allies entered Paris, among the ladies who greeted the Prussians and the Cossacks. Louis XVIII. had the good taste to say that on this occasion the ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain showed an indecent enthusiasm. Mme. du Cayla paid a visit to Louis XVIII. at Hartwell. She wished to obtain an audience from him at the Tuileries; the Duke de la Rochefoucauld helped her. The pretext she put forth was the necessity of informing the King of the situation of her children, who were under the guardianship of M. du Cayla. M. Hyde de Neuville, in his memoirs, tells the story of this audience. She read some papers to the King. "Go, on, madame," said he; "the charm of your voice will enhance the pleasure of seeing you." When she left: "I should like, madame, to have often a reader like you; come and see me again." She did so. She conquered the King at once, and became his confidante. She had an audience on Wednesday of every week; on other days there was an exchange of letters. Vitrolles, Marshal Castellane in his journal, testify to the generosity of the King towards this favorite. He once gave her a superb edition of the Bible, with engravings; on each engraving there was a fresh banknote of a thousand francs; there were a hundred and fifty engravings. He built a château for her at Saint-Ouen. Her relations with the King lasted till he died; she induced him to receive the last sacraments. After his death Charles X. gave her a pension of 25,000 francs, and decided that the castle and the park of Saint-Ouen should be maintained at the expense of the Crown. She died at the age of sixty-seven, in Paris, on the 19th of March, 1852; in her will she left the castle and park of Saint-Ouen to the Count de Chambord, who refused to accept the gift. The city of Paris claimed Saint-Ouen. There was a long suit between the city and the legitimate heirs; an adjustment took place, and this fine property was left in the hands of a Princess of Beauvau-Craon, a daughter of the Countess du Cayla.

Correspondence.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have read, both with surprise and with distress, your article on "War in South Africa," published in your issue of October 19, which has reached me to-day.

"President Krüger's wild ultimatum," you say, "puts his country at the mercy of Great Britain. By one mad stroke he solidified all parties in England in support of the Government, stopped the mouths of the European friends of the Transvaal, alienated the sympathy which the Boer cause was winning in the United States, and made war inevitable where peace was possible."

I say nothing as to the alienation of the sympathy of the United States. You are a better judge in this matter than I can be; and if the fact is as you state it, I can only regret that the sympathy of the United States should be misled by information which is at once incomplete and biassed. On the other hand, however, I venture to say that, though supplies have been voted in Parliament by immense majorities, all parties in England are not solidified in support of the Government. Those who mistrusted Mr. Chamberlain's diplomacy and detected his blatant Jingoism and that of his supporters, continue in their mistrust and detestation, and have given (I refer you to the recent Parliamentary debates) vigorous expression to their feelings. Sir William Harcourt, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Courtney, and Sir Edward Clarke, a Conservative and a former law officer of the Crown, have assuredly not been backward in stating their views, both at public meetings and from their places in the House of Commons. Only those Liberals (Sir Edward Grey, for instance, and Lord Rosebery) who were supporters of the Government policy before the utimatum, have been "solidified" in their support since President Krüger launched that document. As to the European friends of the Transvaal, whose mouths you say are stopped, I may refer to the almost universal voice of the European press, which has lost nothing of its strength and its ferocity in these later days.

But I desire chiefly, if you will permit me, to take issue with you in your statement that the delivery of President Krüger's ultimatum made war inevitable where peace was possible. Certainly it made war inevitable, but my point is that Mr. Chamberlain's action had already made peace impossible. In the dispatch in which our Colonial Secretary closed the stage of negotiation, he declined to discuss any further the proposals of the South African Republic, and intimated that the British Government would now proceed to formulate its own proposals for the settlement of the difficulty. Days passed, and no hint of these proposals was given by Mr. Chamberlain to the Transvaal. He has since expressly refused, it may be noted, to divulge their nature to the House of Commons, and has, indeed, gone so far as to say, with a curious triumph, "You will never know them." It must be added that Mr. Chamberlain, far from abandoning, had reasserted his claim on Great Britain's behalf to a suzerainty over the Transvaal, a claim which had been expressly dropped when the convention of 1884 was concluded, which is, moreover, repudiated and denounced by the best authorities on international law, and in the tardy reassertion of which the Boers not unnaturally saw a menace to their independence, confirming all the suspicions that had been growing in their minds since the time of the Jameson raid. Had these suspicions required further confirmation, it was furnished by Sir Alfred Milner's fatal and frothy dispatch, by Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Highbury, and by the tone of the majority of English newspapers.

However, as I have said, the new proposals of the British Government were never formulated. In the meantime, we were hurrying troops and guns and stores

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to South Africa by every transport; an army corps was in process of mobilization, a commander-in-chief had been appointed, and President Krüger became aware that, if the pause continued much longer, he would find himself confronted by an overwhelming force which would render it practically impossible for him to resist proposals that he had every reason to believe would, if carried out, destroy for ever the cherished independence of his Republic. You argue that he ought to have waited. I, on the other hand, refuse to blame him if, seeing himself gradually driven into a corner, he decided to begin the conflict, rendered inevitable by the conduct of our Government, before his chances of successful resistance were reduced to zero.

Before this reaches you, you will have read the debates in the House of Commons, and the view you have expressed in the article to which I refer may have been, probably will have been, seriously modified. Remember that the undivulged proposals were to take the place of any franchise proposal. That was put aside entirely by our Government as being now out of date, and the new proposals were, we are assured, to go much further and to strike in detail and immediately at various so-called "oppressions" which a reformed franchise was originally expected to cure gradually through the exercise of the vote by an alien population which was, for that purpose, to renounce its allegiance to the British Crown.

Those who are convinced, as I am, of the injustice of this war, who believe it to be due in part to the lust for gold, and in part to popular passion adroitly fanned into flame by Jingo statesmen and a Jingo press; who cannot bear to see the fair fame of their country tarnished and her warlike power employed for the destruction of two independent republics; who believe, to go further, that if the negotiations had been in the hands of any man save Mr. Chamberlain, peace could have been preserved—these Englishmen, though their voices make themselves heard with difficulty above the clamor of a misguided patriotism and the ravings of the stock exchange and the music-halls, are neither few in numbers nor, if their leaders be considered, unimportant in their character or in the influence that attaches to them. That influence must make itself felt when the people begins to realize and to face the true issues of this war, its cost in blood and taxes, and the race hatred that must be its deplorable legacy.

I for one must grieve when I see the good feeling of the American people towards this country exploited by Englishmen who have no single principle in common with true American (and, I may add, British) ideals of liberty and government. The high priest of these men is the renegade Liberal, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, against whose present policy no more scathing indictment could be framed than is to be gathered from speeches delivered by him at various stages of his past career. He and his followers have appealed by means of a campaign of dishonest calumny to the basest motives. Their policy is a blustering and brutal imperialism, to be carried out in entire disregard of the rights of weaker peoples. They equivocate as to the plain terms of treaties, and take brute force as their only criterion of justice. With such men and with their policy no true and thoughtful American can have any sympathy. You have spoken strongly against the policy of the present American Administration in the Philippines. Had you been writing in England for English readers, your pen would, I believe, have lost nothing of its trenchant vigor in denouncing the conduct of our British Government in relation to the South African Republic.

I am, sir, yours respectfully,

R. C. LEHMANN.

Bourne End, Bucks, Eng.,
October 28, 1899.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am unable to discover why Great Britain has any more right to quarrel with the Boers about the regulation of their internal affairs than she has to quarrel with Russia or Germany about the same thing. There is the pretence of suzerainty, of course, but nobody knows what it is, or how it was acquired, or believes in its actual existence. The contention of Mr. Chamberlain that the "New Convention" of 1884, which was substituted for the treaty of 1881 and erased from it those articles that expressly recognized the suzerainty of Great Britain, did not specifically erase that word from its preamble—*ergo*, the fact of suzerainty still exists—is unworthy of Dogberry Row. The stipulation in one of the articles of the treaty of 1884 for a submission of the foreign treaties of the Transvaal, with some exceptions, for the approval of Great Britain, is, perhaps, a qualified acknowledgment of its "paramountcy" in that particular matter only; but nobody contends that the stipulations of the treaty in that or any other respect have been violated by the Boers, and all previous negotiations are merged in it, and it is the final agreement between the parties. And any treaty between civilized people is presumably a treaty between independent sovereignties.

Nobody contends that the civil rights of British residents in the Transvaal, as distinguished from the political privileges which are claimed by them, have been violated in any way that would furnish Great Britain with any grounds for redress. The sole reason for British intervention that is apparent on the face of things to the superficial observer of them, is that Great Britain is big and the Transvaal is small; and that, as Tom Hood says, is the long and the short of it. But, if a man's house is his castle, is not his country a citadel for him against foreign intrusion? If we exclude foreign-born citizens from the Presidency and fix our conditions of citizenship to suit ourselves, shall not the Boers have the right to do the like in their own country? Other sovereignties regulate their own political affairs in their own way, and who is to say when their regulations are wrong? We haven't yet the Federation of Man and the Parliament of the World, more's the pity. Neither Paris nor The Hague has given us much of a boost in that direction. Until we have them, has Turkey the right to say when England's regulation of her own affairs doesn't suit Turkish notions, and make it a ground for intervention? If not, why has England the right to pursue such a course towards the Boers? If an English nobleman in a country where land is scarce can enclose several thousands of acres as a park, and exclude his fellow-citizens from setting their feet on it, shall he fight the Boers for excluding those fellow-citizens of his from the political preserves at Pretoria? If it is simply the right of the strongest that is to prevail in all these matters, the newspapers ought to put the British case on that ground without any further appeals to the legal or moral sense of the world for the justification of it. The menace of intervention was the real cause of the war.

Very respectfully, Noble C. Butler.

Indianapolis, November 8, 1899.

[We need not repeat our observations of last week, on a similar occasion. We have no excuses to make for the present war, or for Chamberlain's deliberate promotion of it. He and his policy are alike detestable to us. For that reason we were sorry to see the Boers play into his hands.—Ed. Nation.]

SEPARATION OF NATIONAL FROM MUNICIPAL POLITICS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The enclosed resolutions, passed at our recent local Democratic convention, may be of interest to a student of municipal problems.

That convention, a singularly harmonious one, selected a ticket nearly one-third of which consisted of Indianapolis Democrats. The delegates were chosen at the first election under our new primary law, which makes the primary as much a part of the political system as the regular election. The personnel of both Democratic and Republican conventions was admittedly the best the city has ever had. There is no mention of the "Chicago" or any other national platform in the Democratic convention's platform. Probably this is the first convention of either of the great parties here that would have tolerated the discussion of a measure separating, in the party, municipal from national affairs. It has been said that the attempt has never been made before. If any municipal organization of a national party has attempted its application, we should like extremely to know with what success.—Yours very truly,

William Denman.

San Francisco, November 3, 1899.

Resolution regarding the Policy of Democratic Municipal Conventions in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California:

Whereas, The cardinal principles of the Democratic party are of universal application in every sphere of political life, and

Whereas, Great confusion is likely to arise from the confounding of questions of national concern with the issues that are purely local and municipal,

Therefore, be it resolved, by this the First Democratic Municipal Convention under the new charter for the City and County of San Francisco, that it shall be the policy of the Democratic Municipal Organization of this City and County to confine its municipal platforms and its deliberations in municipal conventions to the discussion of the principles of Democracy solely in so far as they apply to municipal affairs.

THE GAMBLING MANIA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Are we becoming a nation of gamblers? From the smoking-car, the billiard saloon, the race course, and the ball ground

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to the stock board, the political convention, and the halls of state, American society seems infected with this vice. There is a fondness for games of chance, an eager grasping at anything that promises large returns without any corresponding outlay, all of which is working mischief with our morals as a nation. As a people we may be said to have run mad with the spirit of speculation. Methods of acquiring a competence which satisfied our fathers in the "days of plain living and high thinking," are voted "slow" and are discarded for those which promise quicker returns, of however questionable a nature they may be. There is a feverishness in the public mind which craves perpetual excitement. Business, as often conducted, resembles too much the operations of the faro bank and roulette table. The steady-going habits of an age which produced such men as Garratt Bleecker and Amos Lawrence and George Peabody and John Murray Forbes are generally discounted. The result is demoralizing and corrupting to public virtue. It is sapping the foundations of national honor and integrity.

Politics, too, from the position of an honorable profession, have been dragged down into the low arena of chance. The spirit of gambling has even found its way into our legislatures and the halls of Congress. The government is to a large extent in the hands of political gamesters, mere sharpers and tricksters whose power is in their ability to outwit the people and each other. The power of the "ring" and similar political machines is sad evidence of the decay of integrity and virtue in politics, and the substitution of chicanery for statesmanship. The prevalence of jobbery in national, State, and municipal politics, and the enormous extent to which betting is carried on in connection with elections, are omens of no cheering import in our national sky.

So widely, indeed, has the gaming spirit overspread the land, and so deeply has it infected all classes, that we often meet it in places where we should least look for it. Even churches sometimes thoughtlessly countenance it, and lend it their sanction, by descending to such schemes of raising money as bear a suspiciously close resemblance to gambling. Thus morality and honesty are often wounded in the house of their friends.

It is in vain that the war for the Union has been fought to a successful issue; it is in vain that we proudly point to our foreign possessions, and dream of colonial empire, if we allow the great institutions of freedom and personal integrity to be eaten through and through with dry rot. If we go on as we are going, it requires no prophet to foretell the result. The spirit which reveals itself in the gaming habit is a spirit which is subversive of all true manliness and greatness. It is a spirit which, if allowed to prevail, will poison the life-blood of the body politic and dry up the fountain of public honor and virtue. Against the tendencies so common among us every good citizen and lover of his country ought to protest with all the power of personal influence and example. D. F. L.

MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA, MASS.

CROMWELL FACSIMILE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the November number of the *Century* there appears, accompanying the first of Mr. John Morley's series of articles on Oliver Cromwell, a facsimile, "photographed for 'The *Century* Magazine,' by permission of the Master of Sidney Sussex College," of the entry in the college register relating to Cromwell's admission. The contemporary part of the record the editor translates as follows: "Mr. Cromwell.—Oliver Cromwell, Huntingdon, admitted to [two words unintelligible] April 23 under the tutorship of Master Richard Howlet." From the brackets here the reader suspects some knotty problem, and is surprised to find no difficulty in reading the "unintelligible" words in the facsimile as *commeatum sociorum*, and in interpreting them to mean that Cromwell was admitted as a fellow-commoner. He is further surprised to discover that the correct decipherment and translation are to be found in Carlyle's introduction to 'Cromwell's Letters and Speeches,' under the year 1616.

CHARLES H. HASKINS.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN, November 8, 1899.

AN ALLEGED ECONOMICAL EARTHLY PARADISE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The *Lectures pour Tous*, a French popular periodical, recently opened a *concours*, or a vote, to determine which are "les petits coins où il est possible de vivre le plus agréablement à peu de frais"—the small places where one can live the most agreeably at the least expense. Now, this is an ideal of living that appeals in a fascinating way to a great many people of refinement with slender purses. I myself have essayed a modest contribution to the subject in 'The House-Hunter in Europe.' It is worthy of more than one competition, and why might not some of our own periodicals that are fond of such things open an inquiry in the same field as regards our own country? Some interesting information ought to be brought out. Perhaps there is many a gem of economy, comfort, and general charm scattered through the land that we know not of. At any rate, the champions of these could hardly say less for their favorite spot than do the residents themselves of the place that was awarded the palm in the French competition above mentioned.

The decree of superiority fell upon the little village of Gex. Gex is in the *enclave*, or small wedge, of French territory running into the soil of Switzerland, close to Geneva. Its best-known feature is the other village of Ferney, where Voltaire once dwelt in his luxurious château. M. Masson-Forestier, a lawyer of Rouen, has been moved to go and see this Gex, which carried off the honors of the vote, and has written, in a late number of the *Revue Bleue*, a dryly amusing account of his visit. The advantages chiefly cited for Gex were, that it was at the foot of the Jura, had lovely walks in the pine woods, and a beautiful view over Lake Leman, Mont Blanc, and the Alps. It is so rich in firewood that it supplies each inhabitant, gratis, with as much as he wants. It is in the fortunate neutral zone where no customs duties are charged, the French custom-house being on the other (western) side of the Jura. This fact makes the principal claim of Gex on the score of economy, and is the reason why coffee was quoted, in the article, at 75 centimes a pound, sugar at 27 centimes, and butter at a franc. It was stated that a family could easily live at Gex on 1,200 francs, say $240, a year. This, however, would not include keeping a servant.

M. Masson-Forestier dropped down one day into Gex, to see if these things were as reported. He found the people of a guarded or grumbling turn; the acquaintances he made at the café denied at first that this was a cheaper place than another. "Is it not true, then," he asked, "that coffee is 15 cents a pound, sugar 5½ cents, and butter about 20?" Oh, yes, so far as that was concerned, they admitted, those were the prices, but things ought to be a great deal cheaper yet. And, on the other hand, some were too cheap; if their tobacco, for instance, cost more, they would smoke less, and that would be better for their health. They complained that a servant cost $4 or $5 a month, and what did you get for it? She might be good enough, neat, diligent, and so on, it is true, but would she ever have any style about her? Not at all. She would just be a chubby, hard-working rustic, and that is the most you could ever expect. And furthermore, they said, taking another tack, they did not know that they fancied much having the place advertised as being so cheap. It would be better for them, would it not? to have people come there who had plenty of money, and would not care what prices they paid. As to the actual result of the exceptional publicity given Gex—a publicity perhaps confined chiefly to Paris, or at any rate to France—it appeared that as yet but one family had been led by it to take up its residence there. This consisted of a retired army officer and his sister. They had had to pay $100 a year for a villa with garden—it cost as dear as that to get something really handsome. They were not at all content. Their principal grievance was that things were different from what they had been in Paris. They did not know what to do with themselves; they were very much bored.

If this be all true—what the *Lectures pour Tous* said, and what M. Masson-Forestier now says—if it gets abroad in America, for instance, it seems as if Gex were destined to have a larger influx of families than that.

WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP.

Notes.

November publications of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are the 'Life of Charles Francis Adams,' by his son and namesake; Mrs. Susan I. Lesley's 'Recollections of My Mother,' now first formally published; 'Beyond the Hills of Dream,' poems by W. Wilfred Campbell; and 'The Sonnets of Michelangelo,' translated by W. W. Newell.

Soon to appear from the press of D. Appleton & Co. are the late John Sartain's 'Reminiscences'; 'The Story of Eclipses,' by G. F. Chambers; 'The Story of English Kings according to Shakspere,' by Dr. J. J. Burns; 'The International Geography,' by Nansen, W. M. Davis, James Bryce, F. C. Selous, and others, with numerous illustrations; and 'The Book of Knight and Barbara,' by David Starr Jordan, with pictures by the children.

'The Lively City o' Ligg' and a 'Nonsense Almanack' for 1900, by Gelett Burgess, and 'The Magic Mirror of Michael Nostradamus,' are promised shortly by Frederick A. Stokes Co.

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'The Divine Pedigree of Man,' by Dr. Thomas Jay Hudson, is announced by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, for the first of the coming year.

'Side-Lights on South Africa' is the title of a timely book of travel, by Mrs. Roy Devereux, which Sampson Low, Marston & Company, London, have nearly ready for publication.

The titles of forthcoming books of science occupy nearly three solidly printed pages of *Nature*. A certain number of them, however, are books of science only in a very popular sense.

A very pretty volume, with richly ornamented cover, has been made selectively by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. from Whittier's characteristic verse, 'The Tent on the Beach, and Dramatic Lyrics,' the latter consisting of "The Exiles," "Barclay of Ury," "The King's Missive," and "How the Women Went from Dover." An interesting feature of the decoration is a set of full-page designs in wash by Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Woodbury. They are somewhat unequal, but serve their purpose well. The view of sand dunes and the "ghost of a ship" are noticeable.

Mr. Edward H. Garrett has been employed by the same firm to illustrate a new edition, in bold type, of Charles Dudley Warner's 'Backlog Studies.' The chapter vignettes, which we take to be a new departure for this artist, seem to us to outweigh the full-page drawings as a whole.

For the Century Co.'s new edition of Mrs. Burton's 'Anglomaniacs,' Mr. Charles Dana Gibson's pencil has been called in. The form is handy, and the cloth covers appropriately colored (in scarlet) and stamped.

In spite of fine type, Mr. R. H. Russell has made an attractive issue of Dickens's 'Tale of Two Cities,' connecting it with Wills's dramatization of the story by inserting photographic stage scenes. This is well enough for a theatrical souvenir, but is not to be preferred to imaginative designs, *e. g.*, to Sydney Carton ascending the scaffold as depicted in the frontispiece by Fred Barnard.

Miss Susan De Forest Day adds one more to the rapidly increasing list of books on the now somewhat familiar islands of the Caribbean Sea. As captain of her own yacht, she leisurely conducts us, in 'The Cruise of the *Scythian* in the West Indies' (New York: F. Tennyson Neely), through the Windward and Leeward Islands, San Domingo and Jamaica, and permits us to see what we can of them from shipboard or from short jaunts on shore. A keen observer, with an aptitude for describing what she sees in a simple but effective manner, Miss Day is able to convey an excellent idea of the islands, in which she is materially assisted by a number of good photographs. To the yachtsman or tourist this little book should be of interest.

C. Napier Bell's 'Tangweera: Life and Adventures among Gentle Savages' (London: Edward Arnold) is a very attractive illustrated book for lovers of nature in the tropics. It is the story of a healthful white boy who spent his early years in Mosquitia as a companion of the young Mosquito King, and some years of early manhood as cutter of mahogany there. The whole is a sort of poem, yet is undoubtedly the result of observation. Mr. Bell found the gentle Indian, and the intervening Sambo as well, wholesome examples of the Creator's handiwork, kind, willing, capable of great endurance of hunger, labor, exposure, surpassing himself in what may properly be called the manly qualities, whether found in man or woman or child. He was so happy among them that, thirty years after, he occupied the leisure of business in New Zealand, as an engineer for ten years, in putting together this book from memoranda and recollections of his life on a coast and in an interior reputed the most unwholesome in America. The facts he states, as to animals chiefly, but also about man, plants, and inorganic nature, are rich in suggestion, but are entirely lacking in the identification of forms required for scientific record. The truth of the story cannot be questioned, but the facts are all colored by that distance in time and space which lends enchantment.

The success of a former effort has prompted Mrs. C. W. Earle to compound 'More Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden' (Macmillan Co.). Though much could be spared as adding no spice to this savory dish, the book on the whole deserves the commendation given to its predecessor by a working gardener, who found it "very bright and holding." Its reflection of the author's bravely cheerful character puts the reader in a sympathetic mood, which is further fostered by the absence of blind dogmatism in discussions of philosophy, gardening, education, diet, etc. Though herself a vegetarian, the author points out unfalteringly the common inconsistencies of the sentimental. "Can vegetarians keep their kitchens full of black beetles or their roses covered with green fly? Do they give over all their peaches to the wasps, or their nuts to the mice?" This Surrey garden appears to be as originally furnished as its mistress's mind, and the amateur gardener may feel somewhat daunted at being told how to manage *Santolina* or *Choisya ternata* when he is wondering how to make his roses and geraniums bloom.

'The Expert Cleaner,' by Hervey J. Seaman (Funk & Wagnalls), is a small volume containing many rules and suggestions for the varied processes of cleaning needed in our complex homes. Useful suggestions, too, not exactly in the cleaning line, are here for remedying the trifling ailments of house and furnishings, so that an inexperienced housekeeper may find the book a helpful lubricant for the domestic machinery.

American women who happen to read Th. Bentzon's short story, "Malentendus," in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for October 15, will appreciate the generous treatment which the American girl in Paris receives at the writer's hands. How Frenchmen will take the humiliating lesson their clever countrywoman teaches them, is another question. Young persons expecting to go to Paris for temporary residence may read the story with profit.

In the *Tour du Monde* for September 30 there is an interesting list of all places of more than 10,000 inhabitants in the Philippine Islands. From this it appears that there are 162 such towns, of which 98 are in the island of Luzon. Manila is credited with 154,062, and the next largest is Lipa, in the province of Batangas, with 43,408. There are three places with population between 30,000 and 40,000, and seventeen with between 20,000 and 30,000. The figures are taken from the census of 1887, and the editor remarks, in regard to them, that they apply to communities whose inhabitants are somewhat scattered.

Among the contents of *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, No. 9, are accounts of the geology of Hayti, of the structure of the Eastern Alps, and of a journey from Ardebil to Zenjan, in northwestern Persia, by a caravan route, which was formerly an important commercial highway, but is now almost deserted. There is also an appeal for the formation of an international seismological society, and, in the *Anzeiger*, a notice of the results of Dr. Sven Hedin's cartographical work in Central Asia, which have just been published. The supplemental number, 130, contains a study of the population of Europe, by Dr. A. Supan, a continuation of his work upon the population of the earth.

The report on the excavations at Tell es-Sâfi, by Dr. Bliss, in the Quarterly Statement for October of the Palestine Exploration Fund, relates the discovery of what is apparently a Canaanitish temple or "high place" with three upright monoliths, probably some of the "pillars" mentioned in the Bible. Illustrations of these menhirs, as well as of numerous "finds" of busts, statuettes, masks, figurines, etc., are given. In describing a recent visit to Moab, Major-Gen. Sir C. W. Wilson refers to the wonderful change in Palestine in late years, mainly through the labors of the Jewish colonists. "In 1882," he says, "when I rode from the Sea of Galilee to the waters of Merom, there was scarcely a trace of cultivation in the Jordan valley. This year I found the valley, where not planted with almond and olive trees, a waving mass of corn." Col. Conder contributes some valuable notes on the antiquities of the Books of Samuel, and Lieut.-Gen. Sir C. Warren concludes his elaborate study of the ancient standards of measure in the East.

Since October, 1898, the Latin journal, *Vox Urbis*, published by Aristides Leonari in Rome, has regularly made its appearance twice a month as an eight-paged, illustrated periodical in folio form. While its avowed end and aim is not exactly a propaganda in the interest of the Roman Catholic Church, its ecclesiastical management is scarcely denied, and is apparent from the use of the cultus-language of the Church as the best understood medium of communication for the international body of readers. The journal, however, is anything but a theological publication. Its sub-title, "De litteris et bonis artibus commentarius," indicates the wider scope which the contents justify. These are of great variety in prose and poetry, history, arts, science, travels, etc., forming an agreeable contrast to the theological, and especially the apologetic, articles. Nor are longer articles of solid learning lacking. The contributors are chiefly Italians, but Frenchmen and other foreigners are also represented. The illustrations include portraits, facsimiles of inscriptions, landscapes, etc., and are as a rule fairly artistic productions.

At the final session of the Geological Section of the British Association, the chief paper was that of Mrs. M. M. Gordon on sigmoidal curves in the earth's crust. This paper was supplementary to the work recently published by Mrs. Gordon in the Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society, and had particular reference to the earth-forms which have been produced by "crust-torsion" in the Alpine mountain system.

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According to *Nature*, in the discussion that followed, the complexity of the subject seemed to daunt most of the speakers, but Prof. Lapworth pointed out how well the results of Mrs. Gordon's field-work agreed with the theoretical deductions to be drawn from the study of intercrossing earth-waves.

We note the organization, on October 23, of a Bibliographical Society of Chicago, whose president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer are, respectively: C. H. Hastings, Mabel McIlvaine, Askel G. S. Josephson, and Caroline L. Elliott, forming a majority of the council of seven. The society's aim is to encourage bibliographical research and foster interest in the history of books and libraries, as well as to compile and publish special bibliographies. For membership the approval of the council is necessary, but residence in Chicago does not seem to be demanded.

—The November *Century* contains the opening instalment of John Morley's important study of Cromwell, of which the prolegomena seems to be intended as a key to the biography to follow. Sketches are given of the King, Queen, Laud, Strafford, Pym, Cromwell himself, of the state of politics, or rather religious feeling, both in England and on the Continent, and even of the constitutional question between King and Commons, as it stood in the early half of the seventeenth century—though Mr. Morley is of opinion that the constitutional question comes to an end with Cromwell's appearance. On the whole, the effect of his introduction is to leave the matter where it stood; at the same time, the way is paved for complete impartiality of treatment. It will be interesting to see how this sort of biographical treatment succeeds in his hands. Can Cromwell himself be neither a hero-statesman nor yet a hypocritical usurper? Mr. Morley announces himself, in this matter, a follower of the new historic school—the school of Gardiner—and, perhaps, has reached the conclusion which he quotes from that historian (which saves us from the old party views, and at the same time saves for us the full measure of dramatic interest which we are so unwilling to give up), that the career of Cromwell was "a glorious tragedy."

—Lovers of Balzac will find in *Scribner's* a readable article on "The Paris of Honoré de Balzac." The authors are Bejamin Ellis Martin and Charlotte M. Martin, and the illustrations by J. Fulleylove. The Paris of Balzac is mostly gone—"pick-axed away" by the march of modern improvements. Down to the time of the Second Empire and Haussmann much remained, but now there are only here and there a few points of interest. We may still stand on the steps of St. Roch and recall the fact that, on the thirteenth Vendémiaire of a certain year, César Birotteau, who was to have his own *grandeur et décadence*, was there "wounded by Napoleon"; this part of the Rue St. Honoré remains much as Balzac knew it. On the Quai Voltaire, next to the house in which Voltaire died, "is the very same shop of the antiquary from whom Raphael de Valentin bought the *peau de chagrin*." At No. 24 Rue Tournefort stands a house, narrow on the street, with a gable window above, through which poor old Goriot looked out from his wretched garret. Besides giving an account of Balzac's Paris, the article presents what is, to our mind, a very good picture of Balzac himself. The materials are not new, but the arrangement is. As strange a figure as any other in the 'Comédie Humaine,' we must reconcile his inordinate vanity with singular simplicity, enormous self-denial with reckless self-indulgence, a life of unremitting labor with one of never-to-be-surmounted and constantly incurred debt, a constitution of iron with a slavery to a deadly stimulant, the powers of a capable man of business with the naïveté and irresponsibility of a child. There is nothing like the story of Balzac's life, for its combined absurdity and tragedy, and grandeur and fatality, even in any of his books.

—An entertaining illustrated article in *Harper's* is Sir Martin Conway's "Climbing Mount Sorata," the great peak of the Bolivian Cordillera Real. He makes the summit 24,500 feet above sea level, and he came within 250 feet of it; then, to escape what amounted to the certainty of an avalanche, he was obliged, with bitter regret, to give the word to return. Mountaineering has now become a well-defined branch of literature, and Sir Martin Conway holds his own with Whymper, King, and Tyndall. "America in the Pacific and Far East," by John Barrett, is one of the ambitious articles about national responsibility and destiny, of which the magazines now provide such a quantity. Mr. Barrett, having been lately United States Minister to Siam, writes with the authority of office, but, this being admitted, the reader is obliged to test what he says by the usual standards. For instance, he announces his personal preference for "a vigorous policy at Peking," which he defines as not only "protecting China's independence," but "using earnest moral suasion to have her undertake radical reforms." Besides this, "the Government can consistently lend its moral support to the success of the Hankow-Canton railway syndicate." And all this although he states clearly enough what he calls the alternative policy—in complete accord with the diplomacy of the last fifty years—of standing simply on our existing treaty rights, and enforcing them against any European nation, like Russia, Germany, or France, which might threaten within a sphere of influence or occupation to override them. The two plans are not alternative plans at all, in the range of practical politics; the latter is a plan dictated by necessity, if we intend to maintain our position as an independent nation. The former would involve us in an immediate quarrel with Russia, France, and Germany, such as certainly no one desires. If the United States were to announce a protectorate of China, accompanied by "moral support" of the Hankow-Canton syndicate and moral suasion as to internal reforms, the world would not stand aghast; it would simply laugh.

—The *Atlantic* contains an article by Mr. Jacob A. Riis on the condition of the schools of New York ("Justice for the Boy"), which deserves careful reading. There is improvement in the schools, owing to the enforced relaxation of the Tammany clutch upon them; there are more and healthier schoolhouses; there are more playgrounds, there are even roof playgrounds—all due in a measure to the efforts of enthusiasts in whose work Mr. Riis must be held to have had a great share. But the little glimpses we get of the old régime, as it existed in full vigor six years ago, and which we are promised again unless we get rid of Tammany in 1901, are what gives the article its chief value. For example, in 1895, in order to ascertain whether in a certain district in the Bronx there was a school population large enough to warrant the purchase of property for a schoolhouse (a question now determined by means of a biennial census), the method adopted was to put up a wooden shanty, with a cellar extending under one class-room only, and wet at that. If the children did not come, there was no school population. One of the luxuries or pleasures of boy-life in the tenement quarters is a "club"—a place to spend the evening in. Under the present plan, class-rooms are set apart for club purposes, under supervision. The old way was for a saloon to give a back room free of charge, with the understanding that the boy members should "treat"—one means of raising the needed funds being to fine members ten cents for "getting funny." The present way of dealing with truancy, the most serious source of juvenile crime, is by means of a truant school; the old way was to send criminal and truant together to the juvenile asylum, and there classify them according to height—four feet, four feet seven, and over four feet seven. Among the other papers, "Some New Letters of Tourgenieff" (to Stassov) by Rosa Newmarch, are worth looking over. Disagreement seems to have been mainly what kept these two Slav worthies together. On one occasion the subject of discussion was Pushkin, idolized by Turgeneff, but disparaged by Stassov. On some trifling point they happened to agree, and Stassov called attention to the fact that for once their views coincided. "Agreed are we? Agreed, indeed!" cried Turgeneff, bursting into derisive laughter, and beginning to pace wildly up and down the room. "Why, if the moment should ever come in which I felt that I agreed with you about anything, I should rush to the window, fling it wide open, and call to the passers-by: 'Help! Help! Take me to a lunatic asylum! I agree with Stassov!'"

—The *British Medical Journal* for October 7 is of more than usual interest to the general reader, since it contains twelve introductory addresses, delivered by recognized authorities on English medical education, at the opening of various noted English medical schools, as well as an inaugural address on "The Proper Objects and Necessary Limitations of Medical Education," given before the Nottingham Medico-Chirurgical Society by Prof. Saundley of Birmingham. Sir James Crichton Browne's address at Owens College, Manchester, on the "Quest of the Ideal" may also be selected for mention. That of Dr. Patrick Mason, at the inauguration of the newly organized London School of Tropical Medicine, contains a warning with which all Europeans and Americans are vitally and instantly concerned, since the plague is at all our doors. Braving a ridicule which he is sure to incur (as he did in proclaiming that the mosquito propagated certain tropical diseases), Dr. Mason declares that the plague is a "rat-borne disease," just as the cholera is a "water-borne disease," and says: "Were I asked how I would protect a state from the plague, I would certainly answer, Exterminate the rats as a first and most important measure. But in making

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this recommendation I would stipulate that the measure be taken in anticipation of the advent of the disease, not when the disease had already shown its presence and the rats are dying by thousands. To prevent epidemic plague in human communities, you must kill the local rats before they are attacked."

—The Doubleday & McClure Co. publish 'Nancy Hanks,' by Caroline Hanks Hitchcock, a neat little 16mo based on a larger book by the same author, the 'Genealogy of the Hanks Family,' not yet published. Nicolay and Hay, in their Life of Lincoln, had given facsimiles of the records of the marriage of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, the President's father and mother, including a report of marriages celebrated in the year 1806 by Jesse Head, the Methodist minister who married them, the marriage certificate of the Lincoln-Hanks wedding, and a bond given under the then law of Kentucky by Thomas Lincoln with Richard Berry, guardian, as warrant that there was no legal impediment to the marriage. Mrs. Hitchcock reproduces these copies in facsimile, and so far there is nothing new in her little book. There has been, however, a good deal of uncertainty as to the pedigree of Nancy Hanks, and on this point Mrs. Hitchcock's investigations have importance. She has discovered the will of Joseph Hanks (with its probate record), whose wife was Nancy Shipley, married in Amelia County, Va., before removing to Kentucky, about 1789. A sister of Nancy Shipley, Lucy, was married to Richard Berry, and this family also joined the Kentucky colony. The will of Joseph Hanks names his wife Nanny as well as his daughter Nancy. Mrs. Hitchcock states that, on the death of her parents, Nancy, a child, lived with the Berrys till her marriage with Thomas Lincoln, which accounts for Richard Berry's name being upon the marriage bond as guardian. The author then traces the Hanks family in Virginia back to William Hanks, whom she identifies as third child of Benjamin Hanks, an Englishman, who joined the Plymouth colony about 1700, and from whom the New England family of the name is descended. The children of Benjamin (except William) and their descendants are found in the New England records, and William she traces to Virginia as stated. The pedigree cannot be said to be conclusively proved, for there are several points where official documents are lacking, and we must take the author's word for the evidence which supports her conclusions in these instances.

—The most obvious conflict with the story as received by Mr. Lincoln's own associates in later life, is, that Herndon gives the first name of the President's grandmother as Lucy, and says that Nancy, his mother, lived in the family of "her aunt and uncle, Thomas and Betsey Sparrow." Nicolay and Hay follow Herndon in this, though they say, "The whole family connection was composed of people so little given to letters that it is hard to determine the proper names and relationships of the younger members, amid the tangle of traditional cousinships." The production of Joseph Hanks's will makes a new point of departure, from which more thorough work becomes possible. Betsey, Polly, and Nancy are his daughters as named by him, and it is a strong point that these are given by the biographers as names of Mrs. Thomas Lincoln's aunts, while Lucy, the name of her aunt Mrs. Berry, is that which they attribute to her mother, though Joseph Hanks's will calls his wife Nanny, a nickname for Nancy. The will was made in 1793, a date which forbids its application to a preceding generation.

RECENT POETRY.

Margaret Fuller Ossoli maintained that for a man to spend his life in collecting Romaic and Rhine ballads was a sufficient provision for happiness; and one might now say the same of a lady who spends hers in selecting gems from the inexhaustible treasuries of the Greek Anthology and turning them into English. We regret to have been accidentally delayed in calling attention to 'Sicilian Idyls, and Other Verses,' translated from the Greek by Miss Jane Minot Sedgwick (Boston: Copeland & Day). The translations, which are taken largely from Theocritus and Meleager, include also many from the minor poets. The Theocritus poems have been so repeatedly translated by others that no version now seems quite to retain its freshness; but for Meleager the comparison is more easily made with the remarkable translations of Mr. Walter Headlam, published some ten years ago. It is undeniable that he has rendered the delightful conciseness of the Greek structure in more of its own spirit than Miss Sedgwick has attained. She is more flowing, more modern, but he is more Greek. Take for instance this little poem:

Ἐντὸς ἐμῆς κραδίης τὰν εὔλαλον Ἡλιοδώραν
ψυχὴν τῆς ψυχῆς αὐτὸς ἔπλασσεν Ἔρως.

The delicious and caressing word εὔλαλον no one could perhaps render into equally condensed English, but Mr. Headlam comes rather nearer with his "sweetly prattling" than Miss Sedgwick with "sweet-sounding." He, moreover, renders the twelve words of the original poem in fifteen words, while Miss Sedgwick's version, graceful as it is, takes twenty-one, and withal has a distinctly modern cadence. She says:

"Deep in my heart Love himself hath moulded my Heliodora;
Her of the sweet-sounding voice, soul of my innermost soul." (P. 73.)

Mr. Headlam, as will be seen, puts it much more tersely, following the Greek words almost verbatim:

"Within my heart the sweetly prattling maid,
Soul of my soul, hath Love himself portrayed."

It may be said, on the other hand, that Mr. Headlam is less accurate than Miss Sedgwick in substituting the word "maid" for the actual name of the maiden, and, which is worse, that he does this for the sake of introducing a rhyme, a thing foreign to the spirit of Greek verse and fortunately not attempted in this case by Miss Sedgwick, although she commonly practises it. She does it, for instance, in the following poem, in which, moreover, the general modern flavor becomes almost excessive, so that it might indeed seem, at first glance, to have been composed by Thomas Hood (p. 70):

I saw her at the hour of noon
Come through the fields of corn,
Just when the tresses of the grain
Were by the reapers shorn;
And suddenly two blinding rays
Bewildered me with double blaze:
One from the midday sun above,
And from her eyes the light of love.

The shadows of the evening quench
The sun's resplendent beams,
But hers a vision of the night
Rekindles in my dreams.
Sleep, that to others brings release,
Allows me neither rest nor peace,
Shaping an image of desire
That burns into my soul with fire.

We would most heartily commend this little book of translations to those numerous maidens in schools and colleges who have, up to this moment, found in Greek a merely grammatical study. It is also a pleasure to older readers to have the historic name of Sedgwick, which was so prominent in earlier American literature, identified with such varied literary activity by a later generation.

To those who like signs of heredity in literary matters, it is a further pleasure to see the names of Channing and Dickinson reappearing on the title-pages of books. 'Sea-Drift,' poems by Grace Ellery Channing (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.), is, we take it, by a granddaughter of the Rev. Dr. William Ellery Channing and a second cousin of the poet William Ellery Channing of Concord, Mass. There is a mingling of crudeness and of real power in her poems, even as their themes mingle New England, California, and Italy. The deepest note in the book is struck undoubtedly in the four poems under the general title, "The Woman" (p. 70).

In the volume 'Within the Hedge,' by Martha Gilbert Dickinson (Doubleday), there is sometimes a resemblance to the poems of her aunt Emily so striking that one wonders whether to call it heredity or imitation, as in the following (p. 105):

WRECKED.

No one dreamed of a wreck that night,
A hundred miles from sea;
The moon hung high her signal light
Above the lilac tree.

The tides of youth were hardly turned,
There was no warning frown
On Heaven's face,—while undiscerned
An out-bound heart went down!

Oh sweet old-fashioned garden balms—
A hundred miles from sea,
How treacherous thy Summer calms!
Mirage of memory.

It is curious to observe, however, that there are glimpses of Emily Dickinson which show themselves from page to page, even in the poetry of English women. Thus, Winifred Lucas, in her 'Fugitives' (John Lane), has many short poems, some of which are as Dickinsonian as this (p. 22):

LOVE HEROIC.

Companioned on the path you chose,
You go the way
A hero goes.
His words you say,
Your deeds he does.
Though in your love to heaven he rose,
The way he knows
Immortal in your life to stay.

There is, however, in the poems of Miss Martha Dickinson a greater evenness of structure and greater variety of subject, extending even so far as a poem called "Nooning," describing almost too realistically the street laborers at dinner. One of the most thoughtful and earnest poems is that which closes the book, and is addressed evidently to her aunt. But one of the most condensed and powerful, still recalling Emily Dickinson by its manner, is this brief memorial (p. 109):

HER GRAVE.

Since each spot where we parted upon earth is dear,
And since our bravest, fondest parting met us here—
I bring the changing flowers that her grave be dressed.
As fits the chamber last by her possessed.
Finite can follow infinite but to this stile;
Good-night then, Love—a blessed afterwhile!

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Men are liable to become, it is said, the slaves of their own actions, and the volume on dark-gray paper composed by Mr. Stephen Crane and illustrated by Mr. Will Bradley, entitled 'War is Kind,' may afford a useful illustration of this maxim. We were among those who frankly acknowledged the strong points of Mr. Crane's 'Black Riders,' yet called attention to the disastrous outcome of such modes of work. It would be hardly worth while to repeat any such warnings now, since Mr. Crane has chosen his part, and the world now finds other experimenters more interesting. Mr. Bradley's share in the book is perhaps worse than Mr. Crane's, being purely imitative, but even Mr. Crane has written his own epitaph neatly on one page as follows (p. 56):

A man said to the universe:
"Sir, I exist!"
"*However,*" *replied the universe,*
"The fact has not created in me
"A sense of obligation."

'Laurel Leaves,' by Robert Wilson (London: Archibald Constable), is the work of an author who inscribes his poems with just reverence to James Martineau, and gives this sonorous greeting to our country (p. 79):

ODE TO AMERICA.

I.

Columbia, gird thy loins for high emprise!
The centre of the world's mass shifts; arise, arise!
See, O New World, a newer world before thine eyes!
Far, at the orient fountains of the Main,
Begins to topple, this momentous day,
Yon Statue with her head of gold and feet of clay!
Who shall fall heir to yonder yellow plain
Whose golden soil might wave with golden grain?
Who dig for hidden treasure in Cathay?

II.

O mightiest Daughter of the mighty Mother
Of nations yet to come,
Still nurslings at her knee,
First-born of England, nearer, dearer Thou than any other.
'Tis ours to share the great world's masterdom,
The Empire of the Sea!
Along the cable nerves that knit our land,
We flash the love of kith and kin to thee:
Behold, our clasped hands
Have bridged the Western Sea!
Nor let the dying die
Till they can bear the news on high
Unto the Spirits of our mighty Dead
That kindred peoples, at one Mother's bosom fed,
With friendly flag unfurled
In sister sovereignty
From realms of dawn to realms of sunset sweep the waters of the world,
One Federation of the Free.

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney is alone among American poets of her sex in this, that she has too much mental affluence, they commonly too little; she has gathered too great abundance of material, and they not enough of it. Half her heart seems beating in the seventeenth century, half on the edge of the twentieth; and Devonshire lanes constantly mingle in her fancy with the stormy sea-coast of Cape Ann. In her new volume, 'The Martyrs' Idyl, and Shorter Poems' (Houghton), she has a poem on "Borderlands" (p. 75), and this might well have been taken as the title of her book. In a poem, "In Time of Trouble," she has the following (p. 71):

. . . "Like a man
Who tends a watchlight on the hills alone
At Childermas, (and through a night so cold,
The red clots of the rowan-berry twirl
Incorporate with a small stiff cone of ice;
And the wind breaks his flail, and swineherds hear,
Outside, the pine-boles crack with frost i' the heart,)"

Was this poem written in England or in America? If in England, would it not have been better to say so? If in America, granting that the American reader ought to know what "Childermas" is and that the rowan-berry and mountain ash are identical, the question still remains whether in any part of America there exist swineherds, and, if so, whether it is in a region sufficiently cold for the cones of ice here so admirably described. As at present informed, we should doubt the fact. That Miss Guiney can handle with skill and power a difficult theme from the "Acta Sanctorum" is plain from "The Martyrs' Idyl" (p. 1). That she can handle with exquisite precision the details of the home landscape is sufficiently seen in the following (p. 50):

AN OUTDOOR LITANY.

The spur is red upon the briar,
The sea-kelp whips the wave ashore;
The wind shakes out the colored fire
From lamps a-row on the sycamore;
The tanager, with flitting note,
Shows to wild heaven his wedding-coat;
The mink is busy; herds again
Go hillward in the honeyed rain;
The midges meet. I cry to Thee
Whose heart
Remembers each of these: Thou art
My God who hast forgotten me.

Bright from the mast, a scarf unwound,
The lined gulls in the offing ride;
Along an hedge of marshy ground
The shad-bush enters like a bride.
Yon little clouds are washed of care
That climb the blue New England air,
And almost merrily withal
The tree-frog plays at evenfall
His oboe in a mossy tree.
So too,
Am I not Thine? Arise, undo
This fear Thou hast forgotten me.

"My Lady's Slipper, and Other Verses," by Dora Sigerson (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is a volume composed mostly of Irish legendary poems, proceeding from Mrs. Clement K. Shorter, who still writes under her maiden name and is well known as one of those who have kept nearest to that fascinating world of Celtic tradition, the recent revival of which has made an era in English poetry. No one, not even Yeats, has brought us nearer, for instance, to the weird "good-folk" who hover in the winds around the cabins to tempt human souls into their mystic companionship. It is thus in this poem (p. 19):

THE WIND ON THE HILLS.

Go not to the hills of Erin
When the night winds are about,
Put up your bar and shutter,
And so keep the danger out.

For the good-folk whirl within it,
And they pull you by the hand,
And they push you on the shoulder,
Till you move to their command.

And lo! you have forgotten
What you have known of tears,
And you will not remember
That the world goes full of years;

A year there is a lifetime,
And a second but a day,
And an older world will meet you
Each morn you come away.

Your wife grows old with weeping,
And your children, one by one,
Grow grey with nights of watching,
Before your dance is done.

. . . . . .

And all your children's children
They cannot sleep or rest,
When the wind is out in Erin,
And the sun is in the West.

The German legendary drama of Hauptmann, "Die Versunkene Glocke," has met with such an enthusiastic reception in Germany—the copy before us being of the forty-fourth edition—that it deserves an English translation. It seems really a revival of the charm which surrounded the tales of Hoffman, Tieck, and Musäus, half a century ago. The translation is by Charles Henry Meltzer (Russell), and he says of it that it is freely rendered—perhaps sometimes a little too freely. At the very beginning of the first act, for instance, in introducing *Rautendelein*, the central figure, the author describes her as "halb Kind, halb Jungfrau," and the translator, by omitting this phrase altogether, carries the heroine through the drama with a less childlike and more womanly impression than really belongs to her. Again, in the last act, when the poor *Rautendelein* is suffering her doom and her voice is failing, it is surely a feeble rendering of the phrase "Ihre Stimme ist ersterbend, verhauchend" to render it, "When she speaks, her voice is faint and strange" (p. 107). Still, it must be said that, all things considered, the translator has done a difficult task with great animation. The influence of Hauptmann is doubtless destined to be widely felt, and may perhaps be recognized in the fairy forest dramas, such as "The Lilies of Mummel Sea," contained in 'Under the Beech Tree,' by Arlo Bates (Houghton); but such productions must be fascinating or they are nothing, and Mr. Bates has not yet reached the point of fascination.

An effect of imitation is also produced by the handsomely printed book, 'Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable,' by Ernest Crosby (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.). The measure is borrowed from Walt Whitman, perhaps through the medium of Edward Carpenter, and is really not inconsistent with the aims of the book. The spirit of the author is heroic, but it also refuses all shackles, and is indeed as defiant of neat garments and clean houses as it is of avarice and pride of purse. If good raiment is objectionable, why is this book so well clothed? The cheapest newspaper type and print would seem more appropriate when the author says (p. 115):

"Let us open our doors, throw down our area railings, and allow the rabble to surge in to our innermost selves;
For this is the price of salvation and of life.
If we stop short of this, we shall never have lived."

Thoreau was perhaps as genuinely democratic as Mr. Crosby, but he certainly would have given counsel quite opposite to this. And again, in the paper called "Education," which begins (p. 19)—

"Here are two educated men.
The one has a smattering of Latin and Greek;
The other knows the speech and habits of horses and cattle, and gives them their food in due season"—

he vitiates his argument from the outset by supposing that his college graduate is not really educated even in his own way, but has only a smattering, which is an obvious begging of the question. Or in his poem, "At the Solicitor's," where he deplores the presence of a fair young girl in her lawyer's office going over the accounts of her estate, he assumes that all accounts mean selfishness, and does not recognize that they may mean the organization of the kingdom of God. The volume is dedicated to Tolstoi, to whom the author owes, it is said, not merely his elevation of spirit, but his limitations. His tone as a whole is noble and generous, yet it is possible for him to be sometimes as narrow and unjust as the merest worldling.

'The Man with the Hoe, and Other Poems' (Doubleday) is the work of a man who has perhaps had the misfortune to win too suddenly a certain share of fame. We suggest it as a misfortune, for, after all, the value of his title-poem is that of a translation rather than of an original work—since it

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only puts into words what Millet put better on canvas; and although the author's whole tone is modest, he still does not quite make the impression of an original force. Perhaps his closing note, "These Songs Will Perish," affords more hope by its moderation than the preceding poems by their daring appeals (p. 133):

"These songs will perish like the shapes of air—
The singer and the songs die out for ever;
But star-eyed Truth (greater than song or singer)
Sweeps hurrying on: far off she sees a gleam
Upon a peak. She cried to man of old
To build the enduring, glad Fraternal State—
Cries yet through all the ruins of the world—
Through Karnack, through the stones of Babylon—
Cries for a moment through these fading songs.

On winged feet, a form of fadeless youth,
She goes to meet the coming centuries,
And, hurrying, snatches up some human reed,
Blows through it once her terror-bearing note,
And breaks and throws away. It is enough
If we can be a bugle at her lips,
To scatter her contagion on mankind."

Mr. John Harrington Lenane contributes from Australia a volume called 'The Hill of Visions' (London: Kegan Paul). It contains, he says, poems "selected from a number written during the last nine years—years of effort and struggle in a far-away land." He expresses the modest hope that his work will merit appreciation, for he begs no favor. As a matter of appreciation, we say with regret that his thoughts, though generous, are crude, and his blank verse especially wants rhythm and execution. It has that familiar defect of early youthful practice that the lines very often end with the most insignificant monosyllables, depriving them of all cadence, as in the following (p. 50):

"And, more miraculous, the nature of
The forest-denizens too changed, and they
Enraptured paused, bewitched of evil by
Melodious sound. And stealing nearer as
She sang, grim lions, tigers, panthers, bears."

We could scarcely point to a volume more sweet in its domesticity than 'An Ode to Girlhood, and Other Poems,' by Alice Archer Sewall (Harpers). From beginning to end there is no false note. All the sweet and winning atmosphere of girlish friendships is found in this passage from the title poem (p. 7):

"And for soft-gathered friendships ye were made,
Close as the lambs lie close in summer shade,
Long, patient broideries ye meek will sew
If ye may sit together, and magic grow
The silken peacocks 'neath your bended heads
With soft, incessant noises
Of brooding voices.
And ye will double longest paths to be
In comradry;
And thousand intimacies unknown to men
Ye do profoundly whisper each, and then
Wrapped in your mutual mysteries, ye kiss
As flowers do that know not coarser bliss
And in entwined companies ye pass
Over the twinkling grass."

And not less delicately perfect is this picture in "The Wedding-gown" of the household after the wedding (p. 71):

"She is gone; and the house is changed and thrilled and dim.
There is nothing to say
Now that she is away;
Let us all be quiet and think of the wonderful day.
The moon in the orchard walks, and the world is white.
Shut the doors; the child will not come home to-night.
She was kind, she was good, she was true.
What more had we to do
Than to make her so, and send her away with him?"

Mr. Aleister Crowley, who used to write as "A Gentleman of the University of Cambridge," now publishes 'Jephthah and Other Mysteries, Lyrical and Dramatic' (London: Kegan Paul), and dedicates them to Swinburne. The hero of his 'Mysteries' is a young poet, adrift in the streets of London, who, in answer to the question what he writes about, says naïvely: "I write about all the horrible things I see, and try to find beauty in them or to make beauty" (p. 105), and this seems to give a key to Mr. Crowley's method, although apparently he does not try very hard. The surprise is that there should be in the same volume some tender and thoroughly poetic things, such as "In the Woods with Shelley" (p. 211).

Another strange English book is entitled 'Deluscar's Merris, and Other Poems,' by Horace Deluscar (London: Gay & Bird). The author carefully tells us in his preface that he is Glasgow-born, Berwickshire-bred, and of Midlothian and Fife extraction, and adds that "Horace Deluscar is for justifiable reasons an assumed name." The book contains an unreasonable superabundance of sonnets, never of the Italian model. It has various love-songs to Merris, and many coarse and scurrilous satires which could afford little pleasure to the eyes of that lady.

An American book in which the Scotch element shows itself more agreeably is the 'Scottish and American Poems' (Ogilvie) of James Kennedy, who served, it seems, in the Seventy-ninth Highlanders of New York, a regiment which was at Antietam and Fredericksburg and in the battles of the Wilderness. His mixture of Scotch and English is pleasant and not unduly coarse. The same cannot be said of 'Lays of Chinatown, and Other Verses,' by George MacDonald Major (Kimball), which is a disagreeable book. A charming little volume, on the other hand, is 'The Round Rabbit,' by Agnes Lee (Boston: Copeland)—full of the prettiest quips and jingles for children, but obscured by a rather ineffective title.

"The New Memorial Edition" of 'The Poems of Henry Timrod,' with memoir and portrait (Houghton), justly celebrates one who ranks with Hayne among our Southern poets, both being bracketed for places second only to Lanier, who is unquestionably far above either of them in originality and depth of poetic feeling. Poe must fairly be set aside from the comparison, as divided between North and South in respect to his birth and his training. The portrait of Timrod is fine and thoughtful, but the statement in the introduction that in stature he was "far below the medium height," and also, that he preferred Catullus to Æschylus, suggest a certain limitation of quality which is felt in this volume, and which does not suggest itself in Lanier, although he also was physically weak. Yet the simplicity and genuineness of Timrod's strains, and even the ardor of his poems written in war times, still make themselves felt, although his predictions went unfulfilled. Would that the beautiful closing meditations of his "Christmas" poem might sink into many hearts now, when we need it almost as much as when he wrote it (p. 162).

Perhaps ere yet the Spring
Hath died into the Summer, over all
The land, the peace of His vast love shall fall,
Like some protecting wing.

Oh, ponder what it means!
Oh, turn the rapturous thought in every way!
Oh, give the vision and the fancy play,
And shape the coming scenes!

Peace in the quiet dales,
Made rankly fertile by the blood of men,
Peace in the woodland and the lonely glen,
Peace in the peopled vales.

Peace on the farthest seas,
Peace in our sheltered bays and ample streams,
Peace wheresoe'er our starry garland gleams,
And peace in every breeze!

Peace on the whirring marts,
Peace where the scholar thinks, the hunter roams,
Peace, God of Peace! peace, peace, in all our homes,
And peace in all our hearts!

The End of an Era. By John S. Wise. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 8vo, pp. 473.

The "Era" is that of slavery in the United States, and the End of it was the civil war, which Mr. Wise saw as a boy of only eighteen when it closed. But before that time he had, as a cadet in the Virginia Military Institute, participated in the campaign of May, 1864, in the Shenandoah, in which the cadets, 225 strong, had a casualty list of 56, and Wise himself had been knocked senseless by a blow on the head from a piece of a shell. He had wound up his military experience as a lieutenant bearing dispatches from Lee at Farmville to Davis at Danville, and, Lee having surrendered before his return, he made his way to Johnston's army in North Carolina, and was included in its capitulation. He thus saw the final condition of both the great armies of the Confederacy. It was a unique experience for such a youngster to be sent first to thread his way across country to find Lee, dodging the patrols and the advance guards of Sheridan, several times escaping capture by a hair's breadth, and then, on his way to Davis, fetching a large circuit to avoid the same swarming cavalry, and lying hid in a thicket while they went by within pistol-shot of him. Here is material enough for a very taking story, especially when it is told by one having the born gift of narration as Mr. Wise has.

This is, however, only the last of some twenty chapters, each of which has its own lively interest. The author first tells of a visit to his father, Henry A. Wise, then minister at the court of Brazil, of two young lieutenants of the army, Sherman and Halleck, who were on their way around the Horn during the Mexican war, and, landing at Rio de Janeiro, were captured and taken home to dinner without ceremony by the minister. It happened that the writer of the autobiography was born before the next morning, and he naturally associates his memories of the dying Era with this accidental connection of two great figures in the civil war with his birthday.

The book is meant to give the conditions of life on the Virginia plantation of the author's family from his earliest recollections of childhood in Accomack. Similar life on the larger and more luxurious plantations of the rich landowners of the most cultivated class in the valley of the James is described. He tells us of the almost universal kinship of this small aristocracy, which drew them much closer together than society in larger communities ever does. He describes his own gradual growth in a time of ferment, and the beginning of some intelligence as to the real meaning of slavery and of the political agitation based upon it. With great candor he narrates his first sight of a slave auction and of the permanent effect upon him.

From 1859 onward, he was keenly alive, as a forward boy must be, whose father was so prominent a politician, to all the stirring events which preceded secession and war. The opening scenes of the conflict were not far from the home on the Eliza-

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beth River, and at his father's side he witnessed from Sewell's Point the destruction wrought by the ironclad Merrimac upon the *Congress* and the *Cumberland*, wooden frigates, and the duel next day with the *Monitor*. The flight of the family when the national troops again occupied Norfolk is an instructive as well as picturesque scene. Then followed young Wise's life as a cadet in the Institute, till the more stirring personal events and experiences already mentioned.

The annals of the great rebellion are enriched by such a book as Mr. Wise has given us, preserving as it does the personal note of his own youthful memories, which we may easily believe seem to him of "the stuff that dreams are made of," as if belonging to another world, hardly related to this. The temper and spirit of it all could not be bettered, and he has shown that, like his father, he not only accepted the results of the war as the Act of God, but learned very soon to see that it was best for the world and for his country that the old Era should have an end.

In one point only does the author seem to lack historical evidence when stating the attitude of Virginia toward slavery. He makes the impulses of his own heart quite too representative when he says that the majority of the people of Virginia were at heart opposed to slavery, and, "uninterrupted by madmen like John Brown, they would have accomplished, in good time, the emancipation of the slave without the awful fratricidal scenes which he precipitated" (p. 132). The evidence of the change from the theories and the hopes of Washington and Jefferson to the doctrines of Calhoun, of the change from the old ideas of bond service to mere human chattelism, is too conclusive for any serious maintenance of Mr. Wise's thesis. Virginia's Senators and Representatives voted to repeal the Missouri compromise, the last possible basis for gradual emancipation. That repeal created the Republican party, when, before, the anti-slavery votes were hardly worth the counting. That repeal gave birth to the determined purpose of the free States to "girdle" the system of slavery, by declaring that there should be no more slave States. It was the logical outcome of the work of the Calhoun propaganda which, as early as 1849, made Kentucky, the child of Virginia, repudiate gradual emancipation as preached by her idolized Clay, and insert in her Constitution the most ultra and unmitigated doctrine of absolute and perpetual chattelism in man. The profits of slave-breeding had debauched the conscience of the border States as thoroughly as wholesale cotton-planting had perverted it on the shores of the Gulf. That, and that only, was what made the conflict inevitable. Let us never ignore that verdict of history.

Literary Hearthstones: Charlotte Brontë; William Cowper. By Marion Harland. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1899.

The record of Charlotte Brontë's career has already been made exhaustive. Mrs. Gaskell's 'Life,' in spite of certain hasty conclusions, which she perforce revised, will hold its ground, because of her personal intimacy with the author of 'Jane Eyre.' Three years ago Mr. Clement Shorter, the Brontë specialist, gave to the world the collection of letters that Mr. Nicholls, with natural reticence, had kept unpublished for forty years. Those letters are the most faithful and interesting memorials of Charlotte Brontë, and are her real *journal intime*. In compiling her narrative of the domestic life of the eldest of the Brontë sisters, Mrs. Terhune has drawn on Mr. Shorter's work, from which was omitted nothing of material importance concerning the daily life at Haworth parsonage. Her sympathetic handling and gift of description redeem her book from being a mere *précis* of Mr. Shorter. She dwells minutely on the details of Charlotte Brontë's daily existence, with the letters for text; and on several points she is, *duce* Mr. Shorter, a safer guide than the impulsive Mrs. Gaskell. The latter was naïve enough to accept Branwell Brontë's estimate of his own genius; this act of faith, on the evidence of his artistic and literary remains, is even more surprising than her belief in the family tradition that the shallow and besotted youth was beguiled to his ruin by a respectable middle-aged lady, whose lawyers, we may add, obliged Mrs. Gaskell to withdraw her rhetorical charges. Mrs. Terhune, not being too near the wood to see the trees, has no illusions about Branwell, while her appreciation of Emily Brontë, whose character Mrs. Gaskell found repellent, will interest all who marvel over 'Wuthering Heights.' Emily Brontë, who, potentially at least, was the greatest of the group, is the sphinx of modern literature, and passes the deciphering power of Oedipus. She lived "baffled, unknown, self-consumed," and to her last breath wrapped herself in such proud reserve that her sisters who saw her fade did not venture to offer sympathy or even advice, much less show their anguish. The inspiration of her morbid genius,

> "Whose soul
> Knew no fellow for might,
> Passion, vehemence, grief,
> Daring, since Byron died,"

is still an insoluble enigma. Matthew Arnold was one of the first to recognize Emily Brontë's claims, and it is appropriate that his niece, Mrs. Humphry Ward, should collaborate with Mr. Shorter in the "Haworth" edition of the Brontë works now in process of publication. In view of this new edition, Mrs. Terhune's unpretentious little volume is opportune, and will find a place of its own in Brontë literature.

Of Cowper and his home life Mrs. Terhune tells the familiar tale with spirit, and with more copiousness than Mr. Goldwin Smith could allow himself in the "English Men of Letters" series.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, R. C. A Delaware Indian Legend. Washington, D. C.: Published by the Author.
Brontë, Charlotte. Villette. London: Downey & Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 2 vols. $4.
Colloquies of Edward Osborne. London: John C. Nimmo; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.
Davidson, Marie Agnes. The Two Renwicks. F. Tennyson Neely.
Eager, Rev. J. H. Romanism in its Home. Philadelphia: American Baptist Pub. Society.
Fitchett, W. H. How England Saved Europe. Charles Scribner's Sons. Vol. I. $2.
Gentner, Prof. P. The Iliad of Homer. Boston: B. H. Sanborn & Co. 40c.
Habberton, J. Helen's Babies. Chicago: Alexander Belford & Co.
Jayne, Lieut. R. H. In the Pecos Country. The Mershon Co.
Ludovici, J. Knight Conrad of Rheinstein. Rand, McNally & Co. $1.50.
Macleod, Fiona. The Dominion of Dreams. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.50.
Oman, C. W. England in the Nineteenth Century. London: Edward Arnold; New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.
Pepper, C. M. To-morrow in Cuba. Harper & Bros.
Raymond, Walter. A Tangled Web. Doubleday & McClure Co. $1.25.

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